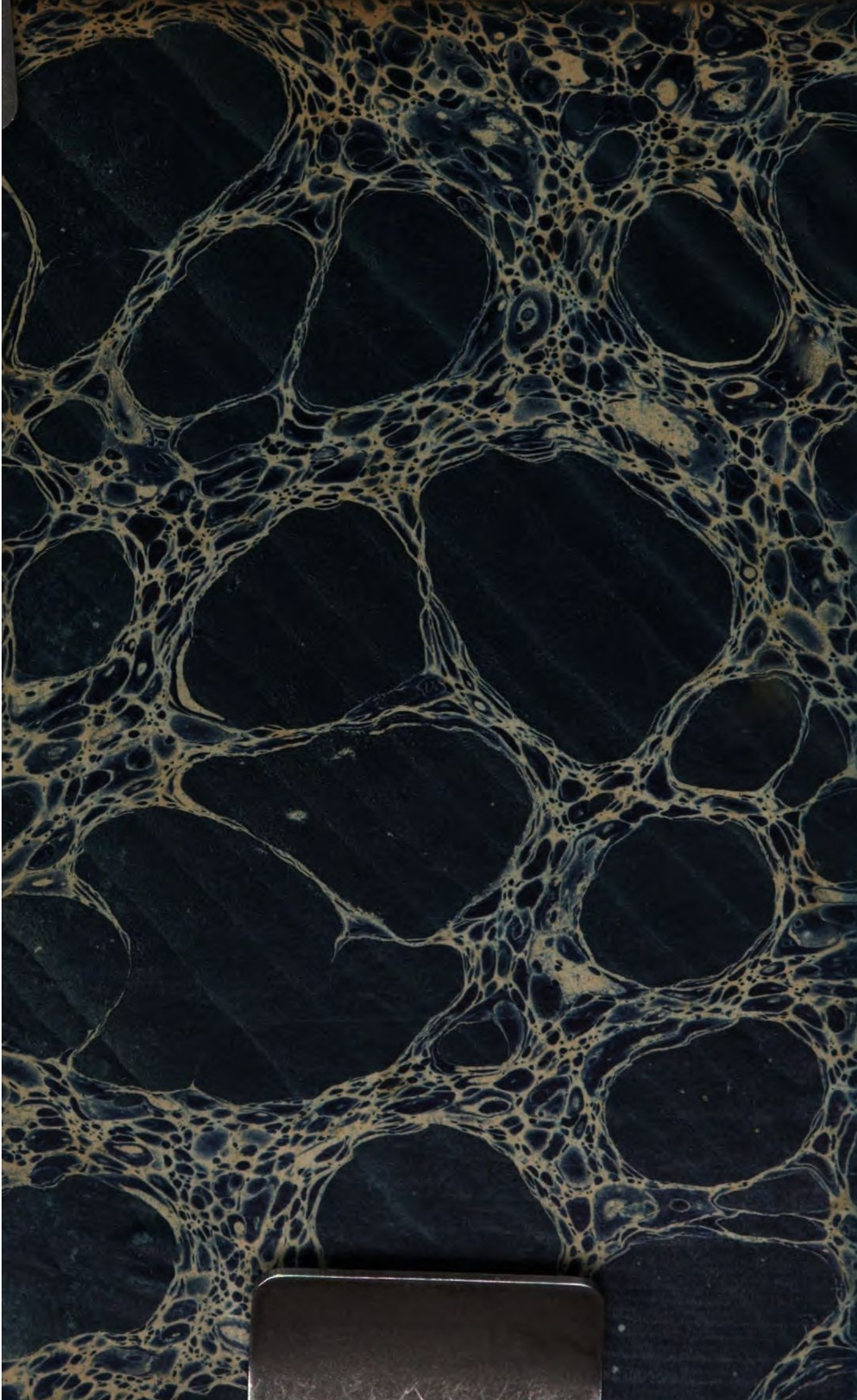

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS MOORE.

VOL. VIII.

LONDON:
SPOTTISWOODES and SHAW,
New-street-Square.

Drawn by G. Jones R.A. *Engraved by Fred.k A. Heath*

"Sudden her brow again she rais'd,
And there, just lighted on the shrine,
Beheld me —"

Second angels story.

London, Longman & C.º

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POETICAL WORKS

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THOMAS MOORE

VOL. VIII.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS MOORE

VOL. VIII.

Drawn by G. Jones. R.A.

Engraved by Fred.k A. Heath.

"'Twas first at twilight, on the shore
Of the smooth sea, he heard the lute
And voice of her he lov'd —"
Third angels story.

London, Longman & Co.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS MOORE,

COLLECTED BY HIMSELF.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOL. VIII.

THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON AND CO., 200. BROADWAY.
1853.

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PREFACE

TO THE EIGHTH VOLUME.

On my return from the interesting visit to Rome, of which some account has been given in the preceding Preface, I took up my abode in Paris, and, being joined there by my family, continued to reside in that capital, or its environs, till about the close of the year 1822. As no life, however sunny, is without its clouds, I could not escape, of course, my share of such passing shadows; and this long estrangement from our happy English home, towards which my family yearned even more fondly than myself, had been caused by difficulties of a pecuniary nature, and to a large amount, in

which I had been involved by the conduct of the person who acted as my deputy in the small office I held at Bermuda.

That I should ever have come to be chosen for such an employment seems one of those freaks or anomalies of human destiny which baffle all ordinary speculation; and went far, indeed, to realise Beaumarchais' notion of the sort of standard by which, too frequently, qualification for place is regulated,—"Il fallut un calculateur; ce fut un danseur qui l'obtint."

But however much, in this instance, I suffered from my want of schooling in matters of business, and more especially from my having neglected the ordinary precaution of requiring security from my deputy, I was more than consoled for all such embarrassment, were it even ten times as much, by the eager kindness with which friends pressed forward to help to release me from my difficulties. Could I venture to name the persons,—and they were many,—who thus volunteered their aid, it

would be found they were all of them men whose characters enhanced such a service, and that, in all, the name and the act reflected honour upon each other.

I shall so far lift the veil in which such delicate generosity seeks to shroud itself, as to mention briefly the manner in which one of these kind friends,—himself possessing but limited means,—proposed to contribute to the object of releasing me from my embarrassments. After adverting, in his letter, to my misfortunes, and "the noble way," as he was pleased to say, "in which I bore them," he adds,—"would it be very impertinent to say, that I have 500*l.* entirely at your disposal, to be paid when you like; and as much more that I could advance, upon any reasonable security, payable in seven years?" The writer concludes by apologising anxiously and delicately for "the liberty which he thus takes," assuring me that "he would not have made the offer if he did not feel that he would most readily accept the same assistance

from me." I select this one instance from among the many which that trying event of my life enables me to adduce, both on account of the deliberate feeling of manly regard which it manifests, and also from other considerations which it would be out of place here to mention, but which rendered so genuine a mark of friendship from such a quarter peculiarly touching and welcome to me.

.When such were the men who hastened to my aid in this emergency, I need hardly say, it was from no squeamish pride,—for the pride would have been in receiving favours from such hands,—that I came to the resolution of gratefully declining their offers, and endeavouring to work out my deliverance by my own efforts. With a credit still fresh in the market of literature, and with publishers ready as ever to risk their thousands on my name, I could not but feel that, however gratifying was the generous zeal of such friends, I should best show that I, in some degree, deserved their offers, by

declining, under such circumstances, to accept them.

Meanwhile, an attachment had issued against me from the Court of Admiralty; and as a negotiation was about to be opened with the American claimants, for a reduction of their large demand upon me,—supposed, at that time, to amount to six thousand pounds,—it was deemed necessary that, pending the treaty, I should take up my abode in France.

To write for the means of daily subsistence, and even in most instances to "forestall the slow harvest of the brain," was for me, unluckily, no novel task. But I had now, in addition to these home calls upon the Muse, a new, painful, and, in its first aspect, overwhelming exigence to provide for; and, certainly, Paris, swarming throughout as it was, at that period, with rich, gay, and dissipated English, was, to a person of my social habits and multifarious acquaintance, the very worst possible place that could have been resorted to for even

the semblance of a quiet or studious home. The only tranquil, and, therefore, to me, most precious portions of that period were the two summers passed by my family and myself with our kind Spanish friends, the V * * * * * * * * ls, at their beautiful place, La Butte Coaslin, on the road up to Bellevue. There, in a cottage belonging to M. V * * * * * * * * l, and but a few steps from his house, we contrived to conjure up an apparition of Sloperton*; and I was able for some time to work with a feeling of comfort and home. I used frequently to pass the morning in rambling alone through the noble park of St. Cloud, with no apparatus for the work of authorship but my memorandum-book and pencils, forming sentences to run smooth and moulding verses into shape. In the evenings I generally joined with Madame V * * * * * * * * l in Italian duetts, or, with far

* "A little cot, with trees arow,
And, like its master, very low."

POPE.

more pleasure, sate as listener, while she sung to the Spanish guitar those sweet songs of her own country to which few voices could do such justice.

One of the pleasant circumstances connected with our summer visits to La Butte was the near neighbourhood of our friend, Mr. Kenny, the lively dramatic writer, who was lodged picturesquely in the remains of the Palace of the King's Aunts, at Bellevue. I remember, on my first telling Kenny the particulars of my Bermuda mishap, his saying, after a pause of real feeling, "Well, — it's lucky you're a poet; — a philosopher never could have borne it." Washington Irving also was, for a short time, our visiter; and still recollects, I trust, his reading to me some parts of his then forthcoming work, Bracebridge Hall, as we sate together on the grass walk that leads to the Rocher, at La Butte.

Among the writings, then but in embryo, to which I looked forward for the means of my

enfranchisement, one of the most important, as well as most likely to be productive, was my intended Life of Sheridan. But I soon found that, at such a distance from all those living authorities from whom alone I could gain any interesting information respecting the private life of one who left behind him so little epistolary correspondence, it would be wholly impossible to proceed satisfactorily with this task. Accordingly I wrote to Mr. Murray and Mr. Wilkie, who were at that time the intended publishers of the work, to apprize them of this temporary obstacle to its progress.

Being thus baffled in the very first of the few resources I had looked to, I next thought of a Romance in verse, in the form of Letters, or Epistles; and with this view sketched out a story, on an Egyptian subject, differing not much from that which, some years after, formed the groundwork of the Epicurean. After laboring, however, for some months, at this

experiment, amidst interruption, dissipation, and distraction, which might well put all the Nine Muses to flight, I gave up the attempt in despair; — fully convinced of the truth of that warning conveyed in some early verses of my own, addressed to the Invisible Girl: —

> **Oh hint to the bard, 'tis retirement alone**
> **Can hallow his harp or ennoble its tone:**
> **Like you, with a veil of seclusion between,**
> **His song to the world let him utter unseen,**
> **&c. &c.***

It was, indeed, to the secluded life I led during the years 1813—1816, in a lone cottage among the fields, in Derbyshire, that I owed the inspiration, whatever may have been its value, of some of the best and most popular portions of Lalla Rookh. It was amidst the snows of two or three Derbyshire winters that I found myself enabled, by that concentration of thought which retirement alone gives, to call up around me some of the sunniest of those Eastern scenes

* Vol. II. p. 32.

which have since been welcomed in India itself, as almost native to its clime.

Abortive, however, as had now been all my efforts to woo the shy spirit of Poesy, amidst such unquiet scenes, the course of reading I found time to pursue, on the subject of Egypt, was of no small service in storing my mind with the various knowledge respecting that country, which some years later I turned to account, in writing the story of the Epicurean. The kind facilities, indeed, towards this object, which some of the most distinguished French scholars and artists afforded me, are still remembered by me with thankfulness. Besides my old acquaintance, Denon, whose drawings of Egypt, then of some value, I frequently consulted, I found Mons. Fourier and Mons. Langlès no less prompt in placing books at my disposal. With Humboldt, also, who was at that time in Paris, I had more than once some conversation on the subject of Egypt, and remember his expressing himself in no

very laudatory terms respecting the labours of the French *savans* in that country.

I had now been foiled and frustrated in two of those literary projects on which I had counted most sanguinely in the calculation of my resources; and, though I had found sufficient time to furnish my musical publisher with the Eighth Number of the Irish Melodies, and also a Number of the National Airs, these works alone, I knew, would yield but an insufficient supply, compared with the demands so closely and threateningly hanging over me. In this difficulty I called to mind a subject, — the Eastern allegory of the Loves of the Angels, — on which I had, some years before, begun a prose story, but in which, as a theme for poetry, I had now been anticipated by Lord Byron, in one of the most sublime of his many poetical miracles, "Heaven and Earth." Knowing how soon I should be lost in the shadow into which so gigantic a precursor would cast me, I had endeavoured, by a speed

of composition which must have astonished my habitually slow pen, to get the start of my noble friend in the time of publication, and thus give myself the sole chance I could perhaps expect, under such unequal rivalry, of attracting to my work the attention of the public. In this humble speculation, however, I failed; for both works, if I recollect right, made their appearance at the same time.

In the meanwhile, the negotiation which had been entered into with the American claimants, for a reduction of the amount of their demands upon me, had continued to "drag its slow length along;" nor was it till the month of September, 1822, that, by a letter from the Messrs. Longman, I received the welcome intelligence that the terms offered, as our ultimatum, to the opposite party, had been at last accepted, and that I might now with safety return to England. I lost no time, of course, in availing myself of so welcome a privilege; and as all that remains now to be told of this

trying episode in my past life may be comprised in a small compass, I shall trust to the patience of my readers for tolerating the recital.

On arriving in England I learned, for the first time, — having been, till then, kept very much in darkness on the subject, — that, after a long and frequently interrupted course of negotiation, the amount of the claims of the American merchants had been reduced to the sum of one thousand guineas, and that towards the payment of this the uncle of my deputy, — a rich London merchant, — had been brought, with some difficulty, to contribute three hundred pounds. I was likewise informed, that a very dear and distinguished friend of mine, to whom, by his own desire, the state of the negotiation was, from time to time, reported, had, upon finding that there appeared, at last, some chance of an arrangement, and learning also the amount of the advance made by my deputy's relative, immediately deposited in the hands of

a banker the remaining portion (750*l.*) of the required sum, to be there in readiness for the final settlement of the demand.

Though still adhering to my original purpose of owing to my own exertions alone the means of relief from these difficulties, I yet felt a pleasure in allowing this thoughtful deposit to be applied to the generous purpose for which it was destined; and having employed in this manner the 750*l.*, I then transmitted to my kind friend,— I need hardly say with what feelings of thankfulness,— a cheque on my publishers for the amount.

Though this effort of the poet's purse was but, as usual, a new launch into the Future,— a new anticipation of yet unborn means,— the result showed, I am happy to say, that, in *this* instance at least, I had not counted on my bank "*in nubibus*" too sanguinely; for, on receiving my publishers' account, in the month of June following, I found 1000*l.* placed to my credit from the sale of the Loves of the

Angels, and 500*l.* from the Fables of the Holy Alliance.

I must not omit to mention, that, among the resources at that time placed at my disposal, was one small and sacred sum, which had been set apart by its young possessor for some such beneficent purpose. This fund, amounting to about 300*l.*, arose from the proceeds of the sale of the first edition of a biographical work, then recently published, which will long be memorable, as well from its own merits and subject, as from the lustre that has been since shed back upon it from the public career of its noble author. To a gift from such hands might well have been applied the words of Ovid,

—— acceptissima semper
Munera sunt, auctor quæ pretiosa facit.

In this volume, and its immediate successor, will be found collected almost all those delinquencies of mine, in the way of satire, which

have appeared, from time to time, in the public journals, during the last twenty or thirty years. The comments and notices required to throw light on these political trifles must be reserved for our next volume.

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THE

LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

PREFACE.

THE Eastern story of the angels Harut and Marut*, and the Rabbinical fictions of the loves of Uzziel and Shámchazai†, are the only sources to which I need refer, for the origin of the notion on which this Romance is founded. In addition to the fitness of the subject for poetry, it struck me also as capable of affording an allegorical medium, through which might be shadowed out (as I have endeavoured to do in the following stories) the fall of the Soul from its original purity‡—the loss of

* See note on page 25.

† Hyde, de Relig. Vet. Persarum, p. 272.

‡ The account which Macrobius gives[1] of the downward journey of the Soul, through that gate of the zodiac which

[1] In Somn. Scipionis, cap. 12.

light and happiness which it suffers, in the pursuit of this world's perishable pleasures—and the punishments, both from conscience and Divine justice, with which impurity, pride, and presumptuous inquiry into the awful secrets of Heaven are sure to be visited. The beautiful story of Cupid and Psyche owes its chief charm to this sort of "veiled meaning," and it has been my wish (however I may have failed in the attempt) to communicate to the following pages the same *moral* interest.

Among the doctrines, or notions, derived by Plato from the East, one of the most natural and sublime is that which inculcates the pre-

opens into the lower spheres, is a curious specimen of the wild fancies that passed for philosophy in ancient times.

In the system of Manes, the luminous or spiritual principle owes its corruption not to any evil tendency of its own, but to a violent inroad of the spirits of darkness, who, finding themselves in the neighbourhood of this pure light, and becoming passionately enamoured of its beauty, break the boundaries between them, and take forcible possession of it.[1]

[1] See a Treatise "De la Religion des Perses," by the Abbé Foucher, Mémoires de l'Académie, tom. xxxi. p. 456.

existence of the soul, and its gradual descent into this dark material world, from that region of spirit and light which it is supposed to have once inhabited, and to which, after a long lapse of purification and trial, it will return. This belief, under various symbolical forms, may be traced through almost all the Oriental theologies. The Chaldeans represent the Soul as originally endowed with wings, which fall away when it sinks from its native element, and must be re-produced before it can hope to return. Some disciples of Zoroaster once inquired of him, "How the wings of the Soul might be made to grow again?"—"By sprinkling them," he replied, "with the Waters of Life."—"But where are those Waters to be found?" they asked.—"In the Garden of God," replied Zoroaster.

The mythology of the Persians has allegorized the same doctrine, in the history of those genii of light who strayed from their dwellings in the stars, and obscured their original nature

by mixture with this material sphere; while the Egyptians, connecting it with the descent and ascent of the sun in the zodiac, considered Autumn as emblematic of the Soul's decline towards darkness, and the re-appearance of Spring as its return to life and light.

Besides the chief spirits of the Mahometan heaven, such as Gabriel, the angel of Revelations, Israfil, by whom the last trumpet is to be sounded, and Azrael, the angel of death, there were also a number of subaltern intelligences, of which tradition has preserved the names, appointed to preside over the different stages, or ascents, into which the celestial world was supposed to be divided.* Thus Kelail governs the fifth heaven; while Sadiel, the presiding spirit of the third, is also employed in steadying the motions of the earth, which would be in a constant state of agitation, if this angel did not keep his foot planted upon its orb.†

* "We adorned the lower heaven with lights, and placed therein a guard of angels."— *Koran*, chap. xli.

† See D'Herbelot, *passim*.

Among other miraculous interpositions in favour of Mahomet, we find commemorated in the pages of the Koran the appearance of five thousand angels on his side at the battle of Bedr.

The ancient Persians supposed that Ormuzd appointed thirty angels to preside successively over the days of the month, and twelve greater ones to assume the government of the months themselves; among whom Bahman (to whom Ormuzd committed the custody of all animals, except man,) was the greatest. Mihr, the angel of the 7th month, was also the spirit that watched over the affairs of friendship and love; —Chûr had the care of the disk of the sun;— Mah was agent for the concerns of the moon; —Isphandârmaz (whom Cazvin calls the Spirit of the Earth) was the tutelar genius of good and virtuous women, &c. &c. &c. For all this the reader may consult the 19th and 20th chapters of Hyde de Relig. Vet. Persarum, where the names and attributes of

these daily and monthly angels are with much minuteness and erudition explained. It appears, from the Zend-avesta, that the Persians had a certain office or prayer for every day of the month (addressed to the particular angel who presided over it), which they called the Sirouzé.

The Celestial Hierarchy of the Syrians, as described by Kircher, appears to be the most regularly graduated of any of these systems. In the sphere of the Moon they placed the angels, in that of Mercury the archangels, Venus and the Sun contained the Principalities and the Powers;—and so on to the summit of the planetary system, where, in the sphere of Saturn, the Thrones had their station. Above this was the habitation of the Cherubim in the sphere of the fixed stars; and still higher, in the region of those stars which are so distant as to be imperceptible, the Seraphim, we are told, the most perfect of all celestial creatures, dwelt.

The Sabeans also (as D'Herbelot tells us)

had their classes of angels, to whom they prayed as mediators, or intercessors; and the Arabians worshipped *female* angels, whom they called Benab Hasche, or, Daughters of God.

THE

LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

'Twas when the world was in its prime,
When the fresh stars had just begun
Their race of glory, and young Time
Told his first birth-days by the sun;
When, in the light of Nature's dawn
Rejoicing, men and angels met*
On the high hill and sunny lawn,—
Ere sorrow came, or Sin had drawn
'Twixt man and heaven her curtain yet!
When earth lay nearer to the skies
Than in these days of crime and woe,

* The Mahometans believe, says D'Herbelot, that in that early period of the world, "les hommes n'eurent qu'une seule religion, et furent souvent visités des Anges, qui leur donnoient la main."

And mortals saw, without surprise,
In the mid-air, angelic eyes
Gazing upon this world below.

Alas, that Passion should profane,
Ev'n then, the morning of the earth!
That, sadder still, the fatal stain
Should fall on hearts of heavenly birth—
And that from Woman's love should fall
So dark a stain, most sad of all!

One evening, in that primal hour,
On a hill's side, where hung the ray
Of sunset, brightening rill and bower,
Three noble youths conversing lay;
And, as they look'd, from time to time,
To the far sky, where Daylight furl'd
His radiant wing, their brows sublime
Bespoke them of that distant world—
Spirits, who once, in brotherhood
Of faith and bliss, near ALLA stood,
And o'er whose cheeks full oft had blown
The wind that breathes from ALLA's throne*,

* " To which will be joined the sound of the bells hanging

Creatures of light, such as *still* play,
Like motes in sunshine, round the Lord,
And through their infinite array
Transmit each moment, night and day,
The echo of His luminous word!

Of Heaven they spoke, and, still more oft,
Of the bright eyes that charm'd them thence;
Till, yielding gradual to the soft
And balmy evening's influence—
The silent breathing of the flowers—
The melting light that beam'd above,
As on their first, fond, erring hours,—
Each told the story of his love,
The history of that hour unblest,
When, like a bird, from its high nest
Won down by fascinating eyes,
For Woman's smile he lost the skies.

The First who spoke was one, with look
The least celestial of the three—

on the trees, which will be put in motion by the wind proceeding from the Throne, so often as the Blessed wish for music."—See *Sale's Koran, Prelim. Dissert.*

A Spirit of light mould, that took
The prints of earth most yieldingly;
Who, ev'n in heaven, was not of those
Nearest the Throne*, but held a place
Far off, among those shining rows
That circle out through endless space,
And o'er whose wings the light from Him
In Heaven's centre falls most dim.

Still fair and glorious, he but shone
Among those youths the' unheavenliest one—
A creature, to whom light remain'd
From Eden still, but alter'd, stain'd,
And o'er whose brow not Love alone
A blight had, in his transit, cast,
But other, earthlier joys had gone,
And left their foot-prints as they pass'd.

* The ancient Persians supposed that this Throne was placed in the Sun, and that through the stars were distributed the various classes of Angels that encircled it.

The Basilidians supposed that there were three hundred and sixty-five orders of angels, "dont la perfection alloit en décroissant, à mesure qu'ils s'éloignoient de la première classe d'esprits placés dans le premier ciel." See *Dupuis, Orig. des Cultes*, tom. ii. p. 112.

Sighing, as back through ages flown,
Like a tomb-searcher, Memory ran,
Lifting each shroud that Time had thrown
O'er buried hopes, he thus began:—

FIRST ANGEL'S STORY.

"'Twas in a land, that far away
Into the golden orient lies,
Where Nature knows not night's delay,
But springs to meet her bridegroom, Day,
Upon the threshold of the skies.
One morn, on earthly mission sent*,
And mid-way choosing where to light,
I saw, from the blue element—
Oh beautiful, but fatal sight!—
One of earth's fairest womankind,
Half veil'd from view, or rather shrin'd
In the clear crystal of a brook;
Which, while it hid no single gleam
Of her young beauties, made them look
More spirit-like, as they might seem
Through the dim shadowing of a dream.

* It appears that, in most languages, the term employed for an angel means also a messenger. Firischteh, the Persian word for angel, is derived (says D'Herbelot) from the verb Firischtin, to send. The Hebrew term, too, Melak, has the same signification.

Pausing in wonder I look'd on,
While, playfully around her breaking
The waters, that like diamonds shone,
She mov'd in light of her own making.
At length, as from that airy height
I gently lower'd my breathless flight,
The tremble of my wings all o'er
(For through each plume I felt the thrill)
Startled her, as she reach'd the shore
Of that small lake—her mirror still—
Above whose brink she stood, like snow
When rosy with a sunset glow.
Never shall I forget those eyes!—
The shame, the innocent surprise
Of that bright face, when in the air
Uplooking, she beheld me there.
It seem'd as if each thought, and look,
And motion were that minute chain'd
Fast to the spot, such root she took,
And—like a sunflower by a brook,
With face upturn'd—so still remain'd!

In pity to the wondering maid,
Though loth from such a vision turning,

Downward I bent, beneath the shade
Of my spread wings to hide the burning
Of glances, which—I well could feel—
For me, for her, too warmly shone;
But, ere I could again unseal
My restless eyes, or even steal
One sidelong look, the maid was gone—
Hid from me in the forest leaves,
Sudden as when, in all her charms
Of full-blown light, some cloud receives
The Moon into his dusky arms.

'Tis not in words to tell the power,
The despotism that, from that hour,
Passion held o'er me. Day and night
I sought around each neighbouring spot;
And, in the chase of this sweet light,
My task, and heaven, and all forgot;—
All, but the one, sole, haunting dream
Of her I saw in that bright stream.

Nor was it long, ere by her side
I found myself, whole happy days,

Listening to words, whose music vied
With our own Eden's seraph lays,
When seraph lays are warm'd by love,
But, wanting *that*, far, far above!—
And looking into eyes where, blue
And beautiful, like skies seen through
The sleeping wave, for me there shone
A heaven, more worshipp'd than my own.
Oh what, while I could hear and see
Such words and looks, was heaven to me?
Though gross the air on earth I drew,
'Twas blessed, while she breath'd it too;
Though dark the flowers, though dim the sky,
Love lent them light, while she was nigh.
Throughout creation I but knew
Two separate worlds—the *one*, that small,
Belov'd, and consecrated spot
Where LEA *was*—the other, all
The dull, wide waste, where she was *not!*

But vain my suit, my madness vain;
Though gladly, from her eyes to gain
One earthly look, one stray desire,
I would have torn the wings, that hung

Furl'd at my back, and o'er the Fire
In GEHIM's* pit their fragments flung;—
'Twas hopeless all—pure and unmov'd
She stood, as lilies in the light
Of the hot noon but look more white;—
And though she lov'd me, deeply lov'd,
'Twas not as man, as mortal—no,
Nothing of earth was in that glow—
She lov'd me but as one, of race
Angelic, from that radiant place
She saw so oft in dreams—that Heaven,
To which her prayers at morn were sent,
And on whose light she gaz'd at even,
Wishing for wings, that she might go

* The name given by the Mahometans to the infernal regions, over which, they say, the angel Tabhek presides.

By the seven gates of hell, mentioned in the Koran, the commentators understand seven different departments or wards, in which seven different sorts of sinners are to be punished. The first, called Gehennem, is for sinful Mussulmans; the second, Ladha, for Christian offenders; the third, Hothama, is appointed for Jews; and the fourth and fifth, called Sair and Sacar, are destined to receive the Sabæans and the worshippers of fire: in the sixth, named Gehim, those pagans and idolaters who admit a plurality of gods are placed; while into the abyss of the seventh, called Derk Asfal, or the Deepest, the hypocritical canters of *all* religions are thrown.

Out of this shadowy world below,
To that free, glorious element!

Well I remember by her side
Sitting at rosy even-tide,
When,—turning to the star, whose head
Look'd out, as from a bridal bed,
At that mute, blushing hour,—she said,
"Oh! that it were my doom to be
"The Spirit of yon beauteous star,
"Dwelling up there in purity,
"Alone, as all such bright things are;—
"My sole employ to pray and shine,
"To light my censer at the sun,
"And cast its fire towards the shrine
"Of Him in heaven, the Eternal One!"

So innocent the maid, so free
From mortal taint in soul and frame,
Whom 'twas my crime—my destiny—
To love, aye, burn for, with a flame,
To which earth's wildest fires are tame.
Had you but seen her look, when first
From my mad lips the' avowal burst;

Not anger'd—no—the feeling came
From depths beyond mere anger's flame—
It was a sorrow, calm as deep,
A mournfulness that could not weep,
So fill'd her heart was to the brink,
So fix'd and froz'n with grief, to think
That angel natures—that ev'n I,
Whose love she clung to, as the tie
Between her spirit and the sky—
Should fall thus headlong from the height
Of all that heaven hath pure and bright!

That very night—my heart had grown
Impatient of its inward burning;
The term, too, of my stay was flown,
And the bright Watchers near the throne,
Already, if a meteor shone
Between them and this nether zone,
Thought 'twas their herald's wing returning.
Oft did the potent spell-word, given
To Envoys hither from the skies,
To be pronounc'd, when back to heaven
It is their time or wish to rise,

Come to my lips that fatal day;
And once, too, was so nearly spoken,
That my spread plumage in the ray
And breeze of heaven began to play;—
When my heart fail'd—the spell was broken—
The word unfinish'd died away,
And my check'd plumes, ready to soar,
Fell slack and lifeless as before.

How could I leave a world, which she,
Or lost or won, made all to me?
No matter where my wanderings were,
So there she look'd, breath'd, mov'd about—
Woe, ruin, death, more sweet with her,
Than Paradise itself, without!

But, to return—that very day
A feast was held, where, full of mirth,
Came—crowding thick as flowers that play
In summer winds—the young and gay
And beautiful of this bright earth.
And she was there, and 'mid the young
And beautiful stood first, alone;

Though on her gentle brow still hung
The shadow I that morn had thrown—
The first, that ever shame or woe
Had cast upon its vernal snow.
My heart was madden'd;— in the flush
Of the wild revel I gave way
To all that frantic mirth — that rush
Of desperate gaiety, which they,
Who never felt how pain's excess
Can break out thus, think happiness!
Sad mimicry of mirth and life,
Whose flashes come but from the strife
Of inward passions — like the light
Struck out by clashing swords in fight.

Then, too, that juice of earth, the bane
And blessing of man's heart and brain —
That draught of sorcery, which brings
Phantoms of fair, forbidden things —
Whose drops, like those of rainbows, smile
Upon the mists that circle man,
Bright'ning not only Earth, the while,
But grasping Heaven, too, in their span!—

Then first the fatal wine-cup rain'd
Its dews of darkness through my lips *,
Casting whate'er of light remain'd
To my lost soul into eclipse;
And filling it with such wild dreams,
Such fantasies and wrong desires,
As, in the absence of heaven's beams,
Haunt us for ever — like wild-fires
That walk this earth, when day retires.

Now hear the rest; — our banquet done,
I sought her in the' accustom'd bower,
Where late we oft, when day was gone,
And the world hush'd, had met alone,
At the same silent, moonlight hour.

* I have already mentioned that some of the circumstances of this story were suggested to me by the eastern legend of the two angels, Harut and Marut, as given by Mariti, who says that the author of the Taalim founds upon it the Mahometan prohibition of wine.[1] I have since found that Mariti's version of the tale (which differs also from that of Dr. Prideaux, in his Life of Mahomet,) is taken from the French Encyclopédie, in which work, under the head "Arot et Marot," the reader will find it.

[1] The Bahardanush tells the fable differently.

Her eyes, as usual, were upturn'd
To her lov'd star, whose lustre burn'd
Purer than ever on that night;
While she, in looking, grew more bright,
As though she borrow'd of its light.

There was a virtue in that scene,
A spell of holiness around,
Which, had my burning brain not been
Thus madden'd, would have held me bound,
As though I trod celestial ground.
Ev'n as it was, with soul all flame,
And lips that burn'd in their own sighs,
I stood to gaze, with awe and shame —
The memory of Eden came
Full o'er me when I saw those eyes;
And tho' too well each glance of mine
To the pale, shrinking maiden prov'd
How far, alas, from aught divine,
Aught worthy of so pure a shrine,
Was the wild love with which I lov'd,
Yet must she, too, have seen — oh yes,
'Tis soothing but to *think* she saw

The deep, true, soul-felt tenderness,
The homage of an Angel's awe
To her, a mortal, whom pure love
Then plac'd above him — far above —
And all that struggle to repress
A sinful spirit's mad excess,
Which work'd within me at that hour,
When, with a voice, where Passion shed
All the deep sadness of her power,
Her melancholy power — I said,
"Then be it so; if back to heaven
"I must unlov'd, unpitied fly,
"Without one blest memorial given
"To soothe me in that lonely sky;
"One look, like those the young and fond
"Give when they're parting — which would be,
"Ev'n in remembrance, far beyond
"All heaven hath left of bliss for me!

"Oh, but to see that head recline
"A minute on this trembling arm,
"And those mild eyes look up to mine,
"Without a dread, a thought of harm!

"To meet, but once, the thrilling touch
"Of lips too purely fond to fear me —
"Or, if that boon be all too much,
"Ev'n thus to bring their fragrance near me!
"Nay, shrink not so — a look — a word —
"Give them but kindly and I fly;
"Already, see, my plumes have stirr'd,
"And tremble for their home on high.
"Thus be our parting — cheek to cheek —
"One minute's lapse will be forgiven,
"And thou, the next, shalt hear me speak
"The spell that plumes my wing for heaven!"

While thus I spoke, the fearful maid,
Of me, and of herself afraid,
Had shrinking stood, like flowers beneath
The scorching of the south-wind's breath:
But when I nam'd — alas, too well,
I now recall, though wilder'd then, —
Instantly, when I nam'd the spell,
Her brow, her eyes uprose again,
And, with an eagerness, that spoke
The sudden light that o'er her broke,

"The spell, the spell! — oh, speak it now,
"And I will bless thee!" she exclaim'd —
Unknowing what I did, inflam'd,
And lost already, on her brow
I stamp'd one burning kiss, and nam'd
The mystic word, till then ne'er told
To living creature of earth's mould!
Scarce was it said, when, quick as thought,
Her lips from mine, like echo, caught
The holy sound — her hands and eyes
Were instant lifted to the skies,
And thrice to heaven she spoke it out
With that triumphant look Faith wears,
When not a cloud of fear or doubt,
A vapour from this vale of tears,
Between her and her God appears!

That very moment her whole frame
All bright and glorified became,
And at her back I saw unclose
Two wings, magnificent as those
That sparkle around ALLA's Throne,
Whose plumes, as buoyantly she rose
Above me, in the moon-beam shone

With a pure light, which — from its hue,
Unknown upon this earth — I knew
Was light from Eden, glistening through!
Most holy vision! ne'er before
  Did aught so radiant — since the day
When EBLIS, in his downfal, bore
  The third of the bright stars away —
Rise, in earth's beauty, to repair
That loss of light and glory there!

But did I tamely view her flight?
  Did not *I*, too, proclaim out thrice
The powerful words that were, that night, —
Oh ev'n for heaven too much delight! —
  Again to bring us, eyes to eyes,
  And soul to soul, in Paradise?
I did — I spoke it o'er and o'er —
  I pray'd, I wept, but all in vain;
For me the spell had power no more.
  There seem'd around me some dark chain
Which still, as I essay'd to soar,
  Baffled, alas, each wild endeavour:
Dead lay my wings, as they have lain

Since that sad hour, and will remain —
So wills the' offended God — for ever!

It was to yonder star I trac'd
Her journey up the' illumin'd waste —
That isle in the blue firmament,
To which so oft her fancy went
In wishes and in dreams before,
And which was now — such, Purity,
Thy blest reward — ordain'd to be
Her home of light for evermore!
Once — or did I but fancy so? —
Ev'n in her flight to that fair sphere,
Mid all her spirit's new-felt glow,
A pitying look she turn'd below
On him who stood in darkness here;
Him whom, perhaps, if vain regret
Can dwell in heaven, she pities yet;
And oft, when looking to this dim
And distant world, remembers him.

But soon that passing dream was gone;
Farther and farther off she shone,

Till lessen'd to a point, as small
As are those specks that yonder burn, —
Those vivid drops of light, that fall
The last from Day's exhausted urn.
And when at length she merg'd, afar,
Into her own immortal star,
And when at length my straining sight
Had caught her wing's last fading ray,
That minute from my soul the light
Of heaven and love both pass'd away;
And I forgot my home, my birth,
Profan'd my spirit, sunk my brow,
And revell'd in gross joys of earth,
Till I became — what I am now!"

The Spirit bow'd his head in shame;
A shame, that of itself would tell —
Were there not ev'n those breaks of flame,
Celestial, through his clouded frame —
How grand the height from which he fell!
That holy Shame, which ne'er forgets
The' unblench'd renown it us'd to wear;
Whose blush remains, when Virtue sets,
To show her sunshine *has* been there.

Once only, while the tale he told,
Were his eyes lifted to behold
That happy stainless star, where she
Dwelt in her bower of purity!
One minute did he look, and then —
  As though he felt some deadly pain
  From its sweet light through heart and brain—
Shrunk back, and never look'd again.

Who was the Second Spirit? he
  With the proud front and piercing glance —
  Who seem'd, when viewing heaven's expanse,
As though his far-sent eye could see
On, on into the' Immensity
Behind the veils of that blue sky,
Where ALLA's grandest secrets lie? —
His wings, the while, though day was gone,
  Flashing with many a various hue
Of light they from themselves alone,
  Instinct with Eden's brightness, drew.

'Twas Rubi — once among the prime
And flower of those bright creatures, nam'd
Spirits of Knowledge*, who o'er Time
And Space and Thought an empire claim'd,
Second alone to Him, whose light
Was, ev'n to theirs, as day to night;
'Twixt whom and them was distance far
And wide, as would the journey be
To reach from any island star
The vague shores of Infinity!

'Twas Rubi, in whose mournful eye
Slept the dim light of days gone by;
Whose voice, though sweet, fell on the ear
Like echoes, in some silent place,
When first awak'd for many a year;
And when he smil'd, if o'er his face
Smile ever shone, 'twas like the grace
Of moonlight rainbows, fair, but wan,
The sunny life, the glory gone.

* The Kerubiim, as the Mussulmans call them, are often joined indiscriminately with the Asrafil or Seraphim, under one common name of Azazil, by which all spirits who approach near the throne of Alla are designated.

Ev'n o'er his pride, though still the same,
A softening shade from sorrow came;
And though at times his spirit knew
The kindlings of disdain and ire,
Short was the fitful glare they threw —
Like the last flashes, fierce but few,
Seen through some noble pile on fire!

Such was the Angel, who now broke
The silence that had come o'er all,
When he, the Spirit that last spoke,
Clos'd the sad history of his fall;
And, while a sacred lustre, flown
For many a day, relum'd his cheek —
Beautiful, as in days of old;
And not those eloquent lips alone
But every feature seem'd to speak —
Thus his eventful story told: —

SECOND ANGEL'S STORY.

"You both remember well the day,
When unto Eden's new-made bowers,
ALLA convok'd the bright array
Of his supreme angelic powers,
To witness the one wonder yet,
Beyond man, angel, star, or sun,
He must achieve, ere he could set
His seal upon the world, as done—
To see that last perfection rise,
That crowning of creation's birth,
When, mid the worship and surprise
Of circling angels, Woman's eyes
First open'd upon heaven and earth;
And from their lids a thrill was sent,
That through each living spirit went
Like first light through the firmament!

Can you forget how gradual stole
The fresh-awaken'd breath of soul

Throughout her perfect form—which seem'd
To grow transparent, as there beam'd
That dawn of Mind within, and caught
New loveliness from each new thought?
Slow as o'er summer seas we trace
The progress of the noontide air,
Dimpling its bright and silent face
Each minute into some new grace,
And varying heaven's reflections there—
Or, like the light of evening, stealing
O'er some fair temple, which all day
Hath slept in shadow, slow revealing
Its several beauties, ray by ray,
Till it shines out, a thing to bless,
All full of light and loveliness.

Can you forget her blush, when round
Through Eden's lone, enchanted ground
She look'd, and saw, the sea—the skies—
And heard the rush of many a wing,
On high behests then vanishing;
And saw the last few angel eyes,
Still lingering—mine among the rest,—
Reluctant leaving scenes so blest?

From that miraculous hour, the fate
Of this new, glorious Being dwelt
For ever, with a spell-like weight,
Upon my spirit—early, late,
Whate'er I did, or dream'd, or felt,
The thought of what might yet befall
That matchless creature mix'd with all.—
Nor she alone, but her whole race
Through ages yet to come—whate'er
Of feminine, and fond, and fair,
Should spring from that pure mind and face,
All wak'd my soul's intensest care;
Their forms, souls, feelings, still to me
Creation's strangest mystery!

It was my doom—ev'n from the first,
When witnessing the primal burst
Of Nature's wonders, I saw rise
Those bright creations in the skies,—
Those worlds instinct with life and light,
Which Man, remote, but sees by night,—
It was my doom still to be haunted
By some new wonder, some sublime
And matchless work, that, for the time
Held all my soul, enchain'd, enchanted,

And left me not a thought, a dream,
A word, but on that only theme!

The wish to know—that endless thirst,
  Which ev'n by quenching is awak'd,
And which becomes or blest or curst,
  As is the fount whereat 'tis slak'd—
Still urg'd me onward, with desire
Insatiate, to explore, inquire—
Whate'er the wondrous things might be,
That wak'd each new idolatry—
  Their cause, aim, source, whence-ever sprung—
Their inmost powers, as though for me
  Existence on that knowledge hung.

Oh what a vision were the stars,
  When first I saw them burn on high,
Rolling along, like living cars
  Of light, for gods to journey by!*

* "C'est un fait indubitable que la plupart des anciens philosophes, soit Chaldéens, soit Grecs, nous ont donné les astres comme animés, et ont soutenu que les astres, qui nous éclairent n'étoient que, ou les chars, ou même les navires des Intelligences qui les conduisoient. Pour les *Chars*, cela se

They were my heart's first passion — days
And nights, unwearied, in their rays
Have I hung floating, till each sense
Seem'd full of their bright influence.
Innocent joy! alas, how much
Of misery had I shunn'd below,
Could I have still liv'd blest with such;
Nor, proud and restless, burn'd to know
The knowledge that brings guilt and woe.
Often — so much I lov'd to trace
The secrets of this starry race —
Have I at morn and evening run
Along the lines of radiance spun
Like webs, between them and the sun,
Untwisting all the tangled ties
Of light into their different dyes —
Then fleetly wing'd I off, in quest
Of those, the farthest, loneliest,

lit partout; on n'a qu'ouvrir Pline, St. Clément," &c. &c. — *Mémoire Historique, sur le Sabiisme*, par M. Fourmont.

A belief that the stars are either spirits or the vehicles of spirits, was common to all the religions and heresies of the East. Kircher has given the names and stations of the seven archangels, who were by the Cabala of the Jews distributed through the planets.

That watch, like winking sentinels*,
The void, beyond which Chaos dwells;
And there, with noiseless plume, pursued
Their track through that grand solitude,
Asking intently all and each
What soul within their radiance dwelt,
And wishing their sweet light were speech,
That they might tell me all they felt.

Nay, oft, so passionate my chase
Of these resplendent heirs of space,
Oft did I follow—lest a ray
Should 'scape me in the farthest night—
Some pilgrim Comet, on his way
To visit distant shrines of light,
And well remember how I sung
Exultingly, when on my sight

* According to the cosmogony of the ancient Persians, there were four stars set as sentinels in the four quarters of the heavens, to watch over the other fixed stars, and superintend the planets in their course. The names of these four centinel stars are, according to the Boundesh, Taschter, for the east; Satevis, for the west; Venand, for the south; and Haftorang, for the north.

New worlds of stars, all fresh and young,
As if just born of darkness, sprung!

Such was my pure ambition then,
My sinless transport, night and morn;
Ere yet this newer world of men,
And that most fair of stars was born
Which I, in fatal hour, saw rise
Among the flowers of Paradise!
Thenceforth my nature all was chang'd,
My heart, soul, senses turn'd below;
And he, who but so lately rang'd
Yon wonderful expanse, where glow
Worlds upon worlds,—yet found his mind
Ev'n in that luminous range confin'd,—
Now blest the humblest, meanest sod
Of the dark earth where Woman trod!
In vain my former idols glisten'd
From their far thrones; in vain these ears
To the once-thrilling music listen'd,
That hymn'd around my favourite spheres—
To earth, to earth each thought was given,
That in this half-lost soul had birth;

Like some high mount, whose head's in heaven,
While its whole shadow rests on earth!

Nor was it Love, ev'n yet, that thrall'd
My spirit in his burning ties;
And less, still less could it be call'd
That grosser flame, round which Love flies
Nearer and nearer, till he dies—
No, it was wonder, such as thrill'd
At all God's works my dazzled sense;
The same rapt wonder, only fill'd
With passion, more profound, intense,—
A vehement, but wandering fire,
Which, though nor love, nor yet desire,—
Though through all womankind it took
Its range, as lawless lightnings run,
Yet wanted but a touch, a look,
To fix it burning upon *One*.

Then, too, the ever-restless zeal,
The' insatiate curiosity
To know how shapes, so fair, must feel—
To look, but once, beneath the seal
Of so much loveliness, and see

What souls belong'd to such bright eyes—
Whether, as sun-beams find their way
Into the gem that hidden lies,
Those looks could inward turn their ray,
And make the soul as bright as they:
All this impell'd my anxious chase,
And still the more I saw and knew
Of Woman's fond, weak, conquering race,
The' intenser still my wonder grew.

I had beheld their First, their EVE,
Born in that splendid Paradise,
Which sprung there solely to receive
The first light of her waking eyes.
I had seen purest angels lean
In worship o'er her from above;
And man—oh yes, had envying seen
Proud man possess'd of all her love.

I saw their happiness, so brief,
So exquisite,—her error, too,
That easy trust, that prompt belief
In what the warm heart wishes true;

That faith in words, when kindly said,
By which the whole fond sex is led—
Mingled with—what I durst not blame,
For 'tis my own—that zeal to *know*,
Sad, fatal zeal, so sure of woe;
Which, though from heaven all pure it came,
Yet stain'd, misus'd, brought sin and shame
On her, on me, on all below!

I had seen this; had seen Man, arm'd,
As his soul is, with strength and sense,
By her first words to ruin charm'd;
His vaunted reason's cold defence,
Like an ice-barrier in the ray
Of melting summer, smil'd away.
Nay, stranger yet, spite of all this—
Though by her counsels taught to err,
Though driv'n from Paradise for her,
(And *with* her—*that*, at least, was bliss,)
Had I not heard him, ere he crost
The threshold of that earthly heaven,
Which by her wildering smile he lost—
So quickly was the wrong forgiven!—

Had I not heard him, as he prest
The frail, fond trembler to a breast
Which she had doom'd to sin and strife,
Call her—ev'n then—his Life! his Life!*
Yes, such the love-taught name, the first,
That ruin'd Man to Woman gave,
Ev'n in his outcast hour, when curst
By her fond witchery, with that worst
And earliest boon of love, the grave!
She, who brought death into the world,
There stood before him, with the light
Of their lost Paradise still bright
Upon those sunny locks, that curl'd
Down her white shoulders to her feet—
So beautiful in form, so sweet
In heart and voice, as to redeem
The loss, the death of all things dear,
Except herself—and make it seem
Life, endless Life, while she was near!

* Chavah, or, as it is in Arabic, Havah (the name by which Adam called the woman after their transgression), means "Life."

Could I help wondering at a creature,
  Thus circled round with spells so strong—
One, to whose every thought, word, feature,
  In joy and woe, through right and wrong,
Such sweet omnipotence heaven gave,
To bless or ruin, curse or save?

Nor did the marvel cease with her—
  New Eves in all her daughters came,
As strong to charm, as weak to err,
  As sure of man through praise and blame,
  Whate'er they brought him, pride or shame,
He still the' unreasoning worshipper,
  And they, throughout all time, the same
  Enchantresses of soul and frame,
Into whose hands, from first to last,
  This world with all its destinies,
Devotedly by heaven seems cast,
  To save or ruin, as they please!
Oh, 'tis not to be told how long,
  How restlessly I sigh'd to find
Some *one*, from out that witching throng,
  Some abstract of the form and mind

Of the whole matchless sex, from which,
In my own arms beheld, possest,
I might learn all the powers to witch,
To warm, and (if my fate unblest
Would have it) ruin, of the rest!
Into whose inward soul and sense
I might descend, as doth the bee
Into the flower's deep heart, and thence
Rifle, in all its purity,
The prime, the quintessence, the whole
Of wondrous Woman's frame and soul!

At length, my burning wish, my prayer—
(For such—oh what will tongues not dare,
When hearts go wrong?—this lip preferr'd)—
At length my ominous prayer was heard—
But whether heard in heaven or hell,
Listen—and thou wilt know *too* well.

There was a maid, of all who move
Like visions o'er this orb, most fit
To be a bright young angel's love,
Herself so bright, so exquisite!
The pride, too, of her step, as light
Along the' unconscious earth she went,

Seem'd that of one, born with a right
To walk some heav'nlier element,
And tread in places where her feet
A star at every step should meet.
'Twas not alone that loveliness
By which the wilder'd sense is caught—
Of lips, whose very breath could bless;
Of playful blushes, that seem'd nought
But luminous escapes of thought;
Of eyes that, when by anger stirr'd,
Were fire itself, but, at a word
Of tenderness, all soft became
As though they could, like the sun's bird,
Dissolve away in their own flame—
Of form, as pliant as the shoots
Of a young tree, in vernal flower;
Yet round and glowing as the fruits,
That drop from it in summer's hour;—
'Twas not alone this loveliness
That falls to loveliest women's share,
Though, even here, her form could spare
From its own beauty's rich excess
Enough to make ev'n *them* more fair—

But 'twas the Mind, outshining clear
Through her whole frame—the soul, still near,
To light each charm, yet independent
Of what it lighted, as the sun
That shines on flowers, would be resplendent
Were there no flowers to shine upon—
'Twas this, all this, in one combin'd—
The' unnumber'd looks and arts that form
The glory of young woman-kind,
Taken, in their perfection, warm,
Ere time had chill'd a single charm,
And stamp'd with such a seal of Mind,
As gave to beauties, that might be
Too sensual else, too unrefin'd,
The impress of Divinity!

'Twas this—a union, which the hand
Of Nature kept for her alone,
Of every thing most playful, bland,
Voluptuous, spiritual, grand,
In angel-natures and her own—
Oh this it was that drew me nigh
One, who seem'd kin to heaven as I,
A bright twin-sister from on high—

One, in whose love, I felt, were given
The mix'd delights of either sphere,
All that the spirit seeks in heaven,
And all the senses burn for here.

Had we—but hold—hear every part
Of our sad tale—spite of the pain
Remembrance gives, when the fix'd dart
Is stirr'd thus in the wound again—
Hear every step, so full of bliss,
And yet so ruinous, that led
Down to the last, dark precipice,
Where perish'd both—the fall'n, the dead!

From the first hour she caught my sight,
I never left her—day and night
Hovering unseen around her way,
And mid her loneliest musings near,
I soon could track each thought that lay,
Gleaming within her heart, as clear
As pebbles within brooks appear;
And there, among the countless things
That keep young hearts for ever glowing,

Vague wishes, fond imaginings,
  Love-dreams, as yet no object knowing—
Light, winged hopes, that come when bid,
  And rainbow joys that end in weeping;
And passions, among pure thoughts hid,
  Like serpents under flow'rets sleeping:—
'Mong all these feelings—felt where'er
Young hearts are beating—I saw there
Proud thoughts, aspirings high—beyond
Whate'er yet dwelt in soul so fond—
Glimpses of glory, far away
  Into the bright, vague future given;
And fancies, free and grand, whose play,
  Like that of eaglets, is near heaven!
With this, too—what a soul and heart
To fall beneath the tempter's art!—
A zeal for knowledge, such as ne'er
Enshrin'd itself in form so fair,
Since that first, fatal hour, when Eve,
  With every fruit of Eden blest,
Save one alone—rather than leave
  That *one* unreach'd, lost all the rest.

It was in dreams that first I stole
  With gentle mastery o'er her mind—

In that rich twilight of the soul,
When reason's beam, half hid behind
The clouds of sleep, obscurely gilds
Each shadowy shape the Fancy builds —
'Twas then, by that soft light, I brought
Vague, glimmering visions to her view;—
Catches of radiance, lost when caught,
Bright labyrinths, that led to nought,
And vistas, with no pathway through;—
Dwellings of bliss, that opening shone,
Then clos'd, dissolv'd, and left no trace—
All that, in short, could tempt Hope on,
But give her wing no resting-place;
Myself the while, with brow, as yet,
Pure as the young moon's coronet,
Through every dream *still* in her sight,
The' enchanter of each mocking scene,
Who gave the hope, then brought the blight,
Who said, "Behold yon world of light,"
Then sudden dropt a veil between!

At length, when I perceiv'd each thought,
Waking or sleeping, fix'd on nought
But these illusive scenes, and me —

The phantom, who thus came and went,
In half revealments, only meant
To madden curiosity—
When by such various arts I found
Her fancy to its utmost wound,
One night—'twas in a holy spot,
Which she for pray'r had chos'n—a grot
Of purest marble, built below
Her garden beds, through which a glow
From lamps invisible then stole,
Brightly pervading all the place—
Like that mysterious light the soul,
Itself unseen, sheds through the face.
There, at her altar while she knelt,
And all that woman ever felt,
When God and man both claim'd her sighs—
Every warm thought, that ever dwelt,
Like summer clouds, 'twixt earth and skies,
Too pure to fall, too gross to rise,
Spoke in her gestures, tones, and eyes—
Then, as the mystic light's soft ray
Grew softer still, as tho' its ray
Was breath'd from her, I heard her say:—

" Oh idol of my dreams! whate'er
" Thy nature be—human, divine,
" Or but half heav'nly—still too fair,
" Too heavenly to be ever mine!

" Wonderful Spirit, who dost make
" Slumber so lovely, that it seems
" No longer life to live awake,
" Since heaven itself descends in dreams,

" Why do I ever lose thee? why
" When on thy realms and thee I gaze
" Still drops that veil, which I could die,
" Oh gladly, but one hour to raise?

" Long ere such miracles as thou
" And thine came o'er my thoughts, a thirst
" For light was in this soul, which now
" Thy looks have into passion nurs'd.

" There's nothing bright above, below,
" In sky—earth—ocean, that this breast
" Doth not intensely burn to know,
" And thee, thee, thee, o'er all the rest!

" Then come, oh Spirit, from behind
" The curtains of thy radiant home,
" If thou would'st be as angel shrin'd,
" Or lov'd and clasp'd as mortal, come!

" Bring all thy dazzling wonders here,
" That I may, waking, know and see;
" Or waft me hence to thy own sphere,
" Thy heaven or—aye, even *that* with thee!

" Demon or God, who hold'st the book
" Of knowledge spread beneath thine eye,
" Give me, with thee, but one bright look
" Into its leaves, and let me die!

" By those ethereal wings, whose way
" Lies through an element, so fraught
" With living Mind, that, as they play,
" Their every movement is a thought!

" By that bright, wreathed hair, between
" Whose sunny clusters the sweet wind
" Of Paradise so late hath been,
" And left its fragrant soul behind!

" By those impassion'd eyes, that melt
" Their light into the inmost heart;
" Like sunset in the waters, felt
" As molten fire through every part—

" I do implore thee, oh most bright
" And worshipp'd Spirit, shine but o'er
" My waking, wondering eyes this night,
" This one blest night—I ask no more!"

Exhausted, breathless, as she said
These burning words, her languid head
Upon the altar's steps she cast,
As if that brain-throb were its last—

Till, startled by the breathing, nigh,
Of lips, that echoed back her sigh,
Sudden her brow again she rais'd;
And there, just lighted on the shrine,
Beheld me—not as I had blaz'd
Around her, full of light divine,
In her late dreams, but soften'd down
Into more mortal grace;—my crown

Of flowers, too radiant for this world,
Left hanging on yon starry steep;
My wings shut up, like banners furl'd,
When Peace hath put their pomp to sleep;
Or like autumnal clouds, that keep
Their lightnings sheath'd, rather than mar
The dawning hour of some young star;
And nothing left, but what beseem'd
The' accessible, though glorious mate
Of mortal woman—whose eyes beam'd
Back upon hers, as passionate;
Whose ready heart brought flame for flame,
Whose sin, whose madness was the same;
And whose soul lost, in that one hour,
For her and for her love—oh more
Of heaven's light than ev'n the power
Of heav'n itself could now restore!

And yet, that hour!"——

The Spirit here
Stopp'd in his utterance, as if words
Gave way beneath the wild career
Of his then rushing thoughts—like chords,

Midway in some enthusiast's song,
Breaking beneath a touch too strong;
While the clench'd hand upon the brow
Told how remembrance throbb'd there now!
But soon 'twas o'er—that casual blaze
From the sunk fire of other days—
That relic of a flame, whose burning
  Had been too fierce to be relum'd,
Soon pass'd away, and the youth, turning
  To his bright listeners, thus resum'd:—

"Days, months elaps'd, and, though what most
  On earth I sigh'd for was mine, all—
Yet—was I happy? God, thou know'st,
Howe'er they smile, and feign, and boast,
  What happiness is theirs, who fall!
'Twas bitterest anguish—made more keen
Ev'n by the love, the bliss, between
Whose throbs it came, like gleams of hell
  In agonizing cross-light given
Athwart the glimpses, they who dwell
  In purgatory * catch of heaven!

* Called by the Mussulmans Al Araf—a sort of wall or

The only feeling that to me
Seem'd joy—or rather my sole rest
From aching misery—was to see
My young, proud, blooming LILIS blest.
She, the fair fountain of all ill
To my lost soul—whom yet its thirst
Fervidly panted after still,
And found the charm fresh as at first—
To see *her* happy—to reflect
Whatever beams still round me play'd
Of former pride, of glory wreck'd,
On her, my Moon, whose light I made,
And whose soul worshipp'd ev'n my shade—
This was, I own, enjoyment—this
My sole, last lingering glimpse of bliss.

partition which, according to the 7th chapter of the Koran, separates hell from paradise, and where they, who have not merits sufficient to gain them immediate admittance into heaven, are supposed to stand for a certain period, alternately tantalized and tormented by the sights that are on either side presented to them.

Manes, who borrowed in many instances from the Platonists, placed his purgatories, or places of purification, in the Sun and Moon.—*Beausobre*, liv. iii. chap. 8.

And proud she was, fair creature!—proud,
Beyond what ev'n most queenly stirs
In woman's heart, nor would have bow'd
That beautiful young brow of hers
To aught beneath the First above,
So high she deem'd her Cherub's love!

Then, too, that passion, hourly growing
Stronger and stronger—to which even
Her love, at times, gave way—of knowing
Every thing strange in earth and heaven;
Not only all that, full reveal'd,
The' eternal ALLA loves to show,
But all that He hath wisely seal'd
In darkness, for man *not* to know—
Ev'n this desire, alas, ill-starr'd
And fatal as it was, I sought
To feed each minute, and unbarr'd
Such realms of wonder on her thought,
As ne'er, till then, had let their light
Escape on any mortal's sight!
In the deep earth—beneath the sea—
Through caves of fire—through wilds of air—

Wherever sleeping Mystery
Had spread her curtain, we were there—
Love still beside us, as we went,
At home in each new element,
And sure of worship every where!

Then first was Nature taught to lay
The wealth of all her kingdoms down
At woman's worshipp'd feet, and say,
"Bright creature, this is all thine own!"
Then first were diamonds, from the night*,
Of earth's deep centre brought to light,
And made to grace the conquering way
Of proud young beauty with their ray.

* "Quelques gnomes désireux de devenir immortels, avoient voulu gagner les bonnes graces des nos filles, et leur avoient apporté des pierreries dont ils sont gardiens naturels: et ces auteurs ont crû, s'appuyans sur le livre d'Enoch mal-entendu, que c'étoient des pièges que les anges amoureux," &c. &c. — *Comte de Gabalis.*

As the fiction of the loves of angels with women gave birth to the fanciful world of sylphs and gnomes, so we owe to it also the invention of those beautiful Genii and Peris, which embellish so much the mythology of the East; for in the fabulous histories of Caïöumarath, of Thamurath, &c., these spiritual creatures are always represented as the descendants of Seth, and called the Bani Algiann, or children of Giann.

Then, too, the pearl from out its shell
Unsightly, in the sunless sea,
(As 'twere a spirit, forc'd to dwell
In form unlovely) was set free,
And round the neck of woman threw
A light it lent and borrow'd too.
For never did this maid — whate'er
The' ambition of the hour — forget
Her sex's pride in being fair;
Nor that adornment, tasteful, rare,
Which makes the mighty magnet, set
In Woman's form, more mighty yet.
Nor was there aught within the range
Of my swift wing in sea or air,
Of beautiful, or grand, or strange,
That, quickly as her wish could change,
I did not seek, with such fond care,
That when I've seen her look above
At some bright star admiringly,
I've said, "Nay, look not there, my love*,
Alas, I *cannot* give it thee!"

* I am aware that this happy saying of Lord Albemarle's loses much of its grace and playfulness, by being put into the mouth of any but a human lover.

But not alone the wonders found
Through Nature's realm — the' unveil'd, material,
Visible glories, that abound,
Through all her vast, enchanted ground —
But whatsoe'er unseen, ethereal,
Dwells far away from human sense,
Wrapp'd in its own intelligence —
The mystery of that Fountain-head,
From which all vital spirit runs,
All breath of Life, where'er 'tis spread
Through men or angels, flowers or suns —
The workings of the' Almighty Mind,
When first o'er Chaos he design'd
The outlines of this world; and through
That depth of darkness — like the bow,
Call'd out of rain-clouds, hue by hue * —
Saw the grand, gradual picture grow; —
The covenant with human kind
By ALLA made † — the chains of Fate

* According to Whitehurst's theory, the mention of rainbows by an antediluvian angel is an anachronism; as he says, "There was no rain before the flood, and consequently no rainbow, which accounts for the novelty of this sight after the Deluge."

† For the terms of this compact, of which the angels were

He round himself and them hath twin'd,
Till his high task he consummate ;—
Till good from evil, love from hate,
Shall be work'd out through sin and pain,
And Fate shall loose her iron chain,
And all be free, be bright again !

Such were the deep-drawn mysteries,
And some, ev'n more obscure, profound,
And wildering to the mind than these,
Which — far as woman's thought could sound,
Or a fall'n, outlaw'd spirit reach —
She dar'd to learn, and I to teach.
Till — fill'd with such unearthly lore,
And mingling the pure light it brings
With much that fancy had, before,
Shed in false, tinted glimmerings —
The' enthusiast girl spoke out, as one
Inspir'd, among her own dark race,
Who from their ancient shrines would run,
Leaving their holy rites undone,
To gaze upon her holier face.

supposed to be witnesses, see the chapter of the Koran, entitled Al Araf, and the article " Adam " in D'Herbelot.

And, though but wild the things she spoke,
Yet, mid that play of error's smoke
Into fair shapes by fancy curl'd,
Some gleams of pure religion broke —
Glimpses, that have not yet awoke,
But startled the still dreaming world!
Oh, many a truth, remote, sublime,
Which Heav'n would from the minds of men
Have kept conceal'd, till its own time,
Stole out in these revealments then —
Revealments dim, that have fore-run,
By ages, the great, Sealing One!*
Like that imperfect dawn, or light†
Escaping from the Zodiac's signs,
Which makes the doubtful east half bright,
Before the real morning shines!

Thus did some moons of bliss go by —
Of bliss to her, who saw but love

* In acknowledging the authority of the great Prophets who had preceded him, Mahomet represented his own mission as the final "*Seal*," or consummation of them all.

† The Zodiacal Light

And knowledge throughout earth and sky;
To whose enamour'd soul and eye,
I seem'd — as is the sun on high —
  The light of all below, above,
The spirit of sea, and land, and air,
Whose influence, felt every where,
Spread from its centre, her own heart,
Ev'n to the world's extremest part;
While through that world her reinless mind
  Had now career'd so fast and far,
That earth itself seem'd left behind,
And her proud fancy, unconfin'd,
  Already saw Heaven's gates ajar!

Happy enthusiast! still, oh, still
Spite of my own heart's mortal chill,
Spite of that double-fronted sorrow,
  Which looks at once before and back,
Beholds the yesterday, the morrow,
  And sees both comfortless, both black —
Spite of all this, I could have still
In her delight forgot all ill;
Or, if pain *would* not be forgot,
At least have borne and murmur'd not.

When thoughts of an offended heaven,
Of sinfulness, which I — ev'n I,
While down its steep most headlong driven —
Well knew could never be forgiven,
Came o'er me with an agony
Beyond all reach of mortal woe —
A torture kept for those who know,
Know *every* thing, and — worst of all —
Know and love Virtue while they fall!
Ev'n then, her presence had the power
To soothe, to warm — nay, ev'n to bless —
If ever bliss could graft its flower
On stem so full of bitterness —
Ev'n then her glorious smile to me
Brought warmth and radiance, if not balm;
Like moonlight o'er a troubled sea,
Brightening the storm it cannot calm.

Oft, too, when that disheartening fear,
Which all who love, beneath yon sky,
Feel, when they gaze on what is dear —
The dreadful thought that it must die!
That desolating thought, which comes
Into men's happiest hours and homes;

Whose melancholy boding flings
Death's shadow o'er the brightest things,
Sicklies the infant's bloom, and spreads
The grave beneath young lovers' heads!
This fear, so sad to all — to me
Most full of sadness, from the thought
That I must still live on*, when she
Would, like the snow that on the sea
Fell yesterday, in vain be sought;
That heaven to me this final seal
Of all earth's sorrow would deny,
And I eternally must feel
The death-pang, without power to die!
Ev'n this, her fond endearments — fond
As ever cherish'd the sweet bond
'Twixt heart and heart — could charm away;
Before her look no clouds would stay,
Or, if they did, their gloom was gone,
Their darkness put a glory on!

* Pococke, however, gives it as the opinion of the Mahometan doctors, that all souls, not only of men and of animals, living either on land or in the sea, but of the angels also, must necessarily taste of death.

But 'tis not, 'tis not for the wrong,
The guilty, to be happy long;
And she, too, now, had sunk within
The shadow of her tempter's sin,
Too deep for ev'n Omnipotence
To snatch the fated victim thence!

Listen, and, if a tear there be
Left in your hearts, weep it for me.

'Twas on the evening of a day,
Which we in love had dreamt away;
In that same garden, where — the pride
Of seraph splendour laid aside,
And those wings furl'd, whose open light
For mortal gaze were else too bright —
I first had stood before her sight,
And found myself — oh, ecstasy,
Which ev'n in pain I ne'er forget —
Worshipp'd as only God should be,
And lov'd as never man was yet!
In that same garden were we now,
Thoughtfully side by side reclining,
Her eyes turn'd upward, and her brow
With its own silent fancies shining.

It was an evening bright and still
As ever blush'd on wave or bower,
Smiling from heaven, as if nought ill
Could happen in so sweet an hour.
Yet, I remember, both grew sad
In looking at that light — ev'n she,
Of heart so fresh, and brow so glad,
Felt the still hour's solemnity,
And thought she saw, in that repose,
The death-hour not alone of light,
But of this whole fair world — the close
Of all things beautiful and bright —
The last, grand sunset, in whose ray
Nature herself died calm away!

At length, as though some livelier thought
Had suddenly her fancy caught,
She turn'd upon me her dark eyes,
Dilated into that full shape
They took in joy, reproach, surprise,
As 'twere to let more soul escape,
And, playfully as on my head
Her white hand rested, smil'd and said: —

" I had, last night, a dream of thee,
" Resembling those divine ones, given,
" Like preludes to sweet minstrelsy,
" Before thou cam'st, thyself, from heaven.

" The same rich wreath was on thy brow,
" Dazzling as if of starlight made;
" And these wings, lying darkly now,
" Like meteors round thee flash'd and play'd.

" Thou stood'st, all bright, as in those dreams,
" As if just wafted from above;
" Mingling earth's warmth with heaven's beams,
" A creature to adore and love.

" Sudden I felt thee draw me near
" To thy pure heart, where, fondly plac'd,
" I seem'd within the atmosphere
" Of that exhaling light embrac'd;

" And felt, methought, the' ethereal flame
" Pass from thy purer soul to mine;
" Till—oh, too blissful—I became,
" Like thee, all spirit, all divine!

" Say, why did dream so blest come o'er me,
" If, now I wake, 'tis faded, gone?
" When will my Cherub shine before me
" Thus radiant, as in heaven he shone?

" When shall I, waking, be allow'd
" To gaze upon those perfect charms,
" And clasp thee once, without a cloud,
" A chill of earth, within these arms?

" Oh what a pride to say, this, this
" Is my own Angel—all divine,
" And pure, and dazzling as he is,
" And fresh from heaven—he's mine, he's mine!

" Think'st thou, were LILIS in thy place,
" A creature of yon lofty skies,
" She would have hid one single grace,
" One glory from her lover's eyes?

" No, no—then, if thou lov'st like me,
" Shine out, young Spirit, in the blaze
" Of thy most proud divinity,
" Nor think thou'lt wound this mortal gaze.

" Too long and oft I've look'd upon
" Those ardent eyes, intense ev'n thus—
" Too near the stars themselves have gone,
" To fear aught grand or luminous.

" Then doubt me not—oh, who can say
" But that this dream may yet come true,
" And my blest spirit drink thy ray,
" Till it becomes all heavenly too?

" Let me this once but feel the flame
" Of those spread wings, the very pride
" Will change my nature, and this frame
" By the mere touch be deified!"

Thus spoke the maid, as one, not us'd
To be by earth or heav'n refus'd—
As one, who knew her influence o'er
All creatures, whatsoe'er they were,
And, though to heaven she could not soar,
At least would bring down heaven to her.

Little did she, alas, or I—
Ev'n I, whose soul, but half-way yet

Immerg'd in sin's obscurity
Was as the earth whereon we lie,
O'er half whose disk the sun is set—
Little did we foresee the fate,
The dreadful—how can it be told?
Such pain, such anguish to relate
Is o'er again to feel, behold!
But, charg'd as 'tis, my heart must speak
Its sorrow out, or it will break!
Some dark misgivings *had*, I own,
Pass'd for a moment through my breast—
Fears of some danger, vague, unknown,
To one, or both—something unblest
To happen from this proud request.
But soon these boding fancies fled;
Nor saw I aught that could forbid
My full revealment, save the dread
Of that first dazzle, when, unhid,
Such light should burst upon a lid
Ne'er tried in heaven;—and ev'n this glare
She might, by love's own nursing care,
Be, like young eagles, taught to bear.
For well I knew, the lustre shed
From cherub wings, when proudliest spread,

Was, in its nature, lambent, pure,
And innocent as is the light
The glow-worm hangs out to allure
Her mate to her green bower at night.
Oft had I, in the mid-air, swept
Through clouds in which the lightning slept,
As in its lair, ready to spring,
Yet wak'd it not—though from my wing
A thousand sparks fell glittering!
Oft too when round me from above
The feather'd snow, in all its whiteness,
Fell, like the moultings of heaven's Dove*,—
So harmless, though so full of brightness,

* The Dove, or pigeon which attended Mahomet as his Familiar, and was frequently seen to whisper into his ear, was, if I recollect right, one of that select number of animals (including also the ant of Solomon, the dog of the Seven Sleepers, &c.) which were thought by the Prophet worthy of admission into Paradise.

"The Moslems have a tradition that Mahomet was saved (when he hid himself in a cave in Mount Shur) by his pursuers finding the mouth of the cave covered by a spider's web, and a nest built by two pigeons at the entrance, with two eggs unbroken in it, which made them think no one could have entered it. In consequence of this, they say, Mahomet enjoined his followers to look upon pigeons as sacred, and never to kill a spider."—*Modern Universal History*, vol. i.

Was my brow's wreath, that it would shake
From off its flowers each downy flake
As delicate, unmelted, fair,
And cool as they had lighted there.

Nay ev'n with LILIS—had I not
Around her sleep all radiant beam'd,
Hung o'er her slumbers, nor forgot
To kiss her eye-lids, as she dream'd?
And yet, at morn, from that repose,
Had she not wak'd, unscath'd and bright,
As doth the pure, unconscious rose,
Though by the fire-fly kiss'd all night?

Thus having—as, alas, deceiv'd
By my sin's blindness, I believ'd—
No cause for dread, and those dark eyes
Now fix'd upon me, eagerly
As though the' unlocking of the skies
Then waited but a sign from me—
How could I pause? how ev'n let fall
A word, a whisper that could stir
In her proud heart a doubt, that all
I brought from heaven belong'd to her

Slow from her side I rose, while she
Arose, too, mutely, tremblingly,
But not with fear—all hope, and pride,
She waited for the awful boon,
Like priestesses, at eventide,
Watching the rise of the full moon,
Whose light, when once its orb hath shone,
'Twill madden them to look upon!

Of all my glories, the bright crown,
Which, when I last from heaven came down,
Was left behind me, in yon star
That shines from out those clouds afar,—
Where, relic sad, 'tis treasur'd yet,
The downfall'n angel's coronet!—
Of all my glories, this alone
Was wanting:—but the' illumin'd brow,
The sun-bright locks, the eyes that now
Had love's spell added to their own,
And pour'd a light till then unknown;—
The' unfolded wings, that, in their play,
Shed sparkles bright as ALLA's throne;
All I could bring of heaven's array,
Of that rich panoply of charms

A Cherub moves in, on the day
Of his best pomp, I now put on;
And, proud that in her eyes I shone
  Thus glorious, glided to her arms;
Which still (though, at a sight so splendid,
  Her dazzled brow had, instantly,
Sunk on her breast,) were wide extended
  To clasp the form she durst not see!*
Great Heav'n! how *could* thy vengeance light
So bitterly on one so bright?
How could the hand, that gave such charms,
Blast them again, in love's own arms?
Scarce had I touch'd her shrinking frame,
  When—oh most horrible!—I felt
That every spark of that pure flame—
  Pure, while among the stars I dwelt—
Was now, by my transgression, turn'd
Into gross, earthly fire, which burn'd,
Burn'd all it touch'd, as fast as eye
  Could follow the fierce, ravening flashes;
Till there—oh God, I still ask why

* "Mohammed (says Sale), though a prophet, was not able to bear the sight of Gabriel, when he appeared in his proper form, much less would others be able to support it."

Such doom was hers?—I saw her lie
Black'ning within my arms to ashes!
That brow, a glory but to see—
Those lips, whose touch was what the first
Fresh cup of immortality
Is to a new-made angel's thirst!
Those clasping arms, within whose round—
My heart's horizon—the whole bound
Of its hope, prospect, heaven was found!
Which, ev'n in this dread moment, fond
As when they first were round me cast,
Loos'd not in death the fatal bond,
But, burning, held me to the last!
All, all, that, but that morn, had seem'd
As if Love's self there breath'd and beam'd,
Now, parch'd and black, before me lay,
Withering in agony away;
And mine, oh misery! mine the flame,
From which this desolation came;—
I, the curst spirit, whose caress
Had blasted all that loveliness!

'Twas maddening!—but now hear even worse—
Had death, death only, been the curse

I brought upon her—had the doom
But ended here, when her young bloom
Lay in the dust—and did the spirit
No part of that fell curse inherit,
'Twere not so dreadful—but, come near—
Too shocking 'tis for earth to hear—
Just when her eyes, in fading, took
Their last, keen, agoniz'd farewell,
And look'd in mine with—oh, that look!
  Great vengeful Power, whate'er the hell
Thou may'st to human souls assign,
The memory of that look is mine!—

In her last struggle, on my brow
  Her ashy lips a kiss imprest,
So withering!—I feel it now—
  'Twas fire—but fire, ev'n more unblest
Than was my own, and like that flame.
The angels shudder but to name,
Hell's everlasting element!
  Deep, deep it pierc'd into my brain,
Madd'ning and torturing as it went;
  And here—mark here, the brand, the stain

It left upon my front — burnt in
By that last kiss of love and sin —
A brand, which all the pomp and pride
Of a fallen Spirit cannot hide!

But is it thus, dread Providence —
Can it, indeed, be thus, that she,
Who, (but for *one* proud, fond offence,)
Had honour'd heaven itself, should be
Now doom'd — I cannot speak it — no,
Merciful ALLA! *'tis* not so —
Never could lips divine have said
The fiat of a fate so dread.
And yet, that look — so deeply fraught
With more than anguish, with despair —
That new, fierce fire, resembling nought
In heaven or earth — this scorch I bear! —
Oh — for the first time that these knees
Have bent before thee since my fall,
Great Power, if ever thy decrees
Thou could'st for prayer like mine recall,
Pardon that spirit, and on me,
On me, who taught her pride to err,

Shed out each drop of agony
Thy burning phial keeps for her!
See, too, where low beside me kneel
Two other outcasts, who, though gone
And lost themselves, yet dare to feel
And pray for that poor mortal one.
Alas, too well, too well they know
The pain, the penitence, the woe
That Passion brings upon the best,
The wisest, and the loveliest.—
Oh, who is to be sav'd, if such
Bright, erring souls are not forgiven;
So loth they wander, and so much
Their very wanderings lean tow'rds heaven!
Again, I cry, Just Power, transfer
That creature's sufferings all to me—
Mine, mine the guilt, the torment be,
To save one minute's pain to her,
Let mine last all eternity!"

He paus'd, and to the earth bent down
His throbbing head; while they, who felt
That agony as 'twere their own,
Those angel youths, beside him knelt,

And, in the night's still silence there,
While mournfully each wandering air
Play'd in those plumes, that never more
To their lost home in heav'n must soar,
Breath'd inwardly the voiceless prayer,
Unheard by all but Mercy's ear—
And which if Mercy *did not* hear,
Oh, God would *not* be what this bright
And glorious universe of His,
This world of beauty, goodness, light
And endless love proclaims He *is* !

Not long they knelt, when, from a wood
That crown'd that airy solitude,
They heard a low, uncertain sound,
As from a lute, that just had found
Some happy theme, and murmur'd round
The new-born fancy, with fond tone,
Scarce thinking aught so sweet its own !
Till soon a voice, that match'd as well
That gentle instrument, as suits

The sea-air to an ocean-shell,
(So kin its spirit to the lute's),
Tremblingly follow'd the soft strain,
Interpreting its joy, its pain,
And lending the light wings of words
To many a thought, that else had lain
Unfledg'd and mute among the chords.

All started at the sound — but chief
The third young Angel, in whose face,
Though faded like the others, grief
Had left a gentler, holier trace;
As if, ev'n yet, through pain and ill,
Hope had not fled him — as if still
Her precious pearl, in sorrow's cup,
Unmelted at the bottom lay,
To shine again, when, all drunk up,
The bitterness should pass away.
Chiefly did he, though in his eyes
There shone more pleasure than surprise,
Turn to the wood, from whence that sound
Of solitary sweetness broke;
Then, listening, look delighted round
To his bright peers, while thus it spoke:—

" Come, pray with me, my seraph love,
" My angel-lord, come pray with me;
" In vain to-night my lip hath strove
" To send one holy prayer above —
" The knee may bend, the lip may move,
" But pray I cannot, without thee!
" I've fed the altar in my bower
" With droppings from the incense tree;
" I've shelter'd it from wind and shower,
" But dim it burns the livelong hour,
" As if, like me, it had no power
" Of life or lustre, without thee!

" A boat at midnight sent alone
" To drift upon the moonless sea,
" A lute, whose leading chord is gone,
" A wounded bird, that hath but one
" Imperfect wing to soar upon,
" Are like what I am, without thee!

" Then ne'er, my spirit-love, divide,
" In life or death, thyself from me;
" But when again, in sunny pride,
" Thou walk'st through Eden, let me glide,

" A prostrate shadow, by thy side —
" Oh happier thus than without thee!"

The song had ceas'd, when, from the wood
Which, sweeping down that airy height,
Reach'd the lone spot whereon they stood —
There suddenly shone out a light
From a clear lamp, which, as it blaz'd
Across the brow of one, who rais'd
Its flame aloft (as if to throw
The light upon that group below),
Display'd two eyes, sparkling between
The dusky leaves, such as are seen
By fancy only, in those faces,
That haunt a poet's walk at even,
Looking from out their leafy places
Upon his dreams of love and heaven.
'Twas but a moment — the blush, brought
O'er all her features at the thought
Of being seen thus, late, alone,
By any but the eyes she sought,
Had scarcely for an instant shone
Through the dark leaves, when she was gone —

Gone, like a meteor that o'erhead
Suddenly shines, and, ere we've said,
" Behold, how beautiful ! "—'tis fled.

Yet, ere she went, the words, " I come,
" I come, my NAMA," reach'd her ear,
In that kind voice, familiar, dear,
Which tells of confidence, of home, —
Of habit, that hath drawn hearts near,
Till they grow *one*, — of faith sincere,
And all that Love most loves to hear ;
A music, breathing of the past,
The present and the time to be,
Where Hope and Memory, to the last,
Lengthen out life's true harmony !

Nor long did he, whom call so kind
Summon'd away, remain behind ;
Nor did there need much time to tell
What they — alas, more fall'n than he
From happiness and heaven — knew well,
His gentler love's short history !

Thus did it run — *not* as he told
The tale himself, but as 'tis grav'd

Upon the tablets that, of old,
By SETH* were from the deluge sav'd,
All written over with sublime
And saddening legends of the' unblest,
But glorious Spirits of that time,
And this young Angel's 'mong the rest.

* Seth is a favourite personage among the Orientals, and acts a conspicuous part in many of their most extravagant romances. The Syrians pretended to have a Testament of this Patriarch in their possession, in which was explained the whole theology of angels, their different orders, &c. &c. The Curds, too (as Hyde mentions in his Appendix), have a book, which contains all the rites of their religion, and which they call Sohuph Sheit, or the Book of Seth.

In the same manner that Seth and Cham are supposed to have preserved these memorials of antediluvian knowledge, Xixuthrus is said in Chaldæan fable to have deposited in Siparis, the city of the Sun, those monuments of science which he had saved out of the waters of a deluge. — See Jablonski's learned remarks upon these columns or tablets of Seth, which he supposes to be the same with the pillars of Mercury, or the Egyptian Thoth. — *Pantheon. Egypt.* lib. v. cap. 5.

THIRD ANGEL'S STORY.

AMONG the Spirits, of pure flame,
That in the' eternal heav'ns abide—
Circles of light, that from the same
Unclouded centre sweeping wide,
Carry its beams on every side—
Like spheres of air that waft around
The undulations of rich sound—
Till the far-circling radiance be
Diffus'd into infinity!
First and immediate near the Throne
Of ALLA*, as if most his own,
The Seraphs stand†—this burning sign
Trac'd on their banner, "Love Divine!"

* The Mussulmans, says D'Herbelot, apply the general name, Mocarreboun, to all those Spirits "qui approchent le plus près le Trône." Of this number are Mikail and Gebrail.

† The Seraphim, or Spirits of Divine Love.

There appears to be, among writers on the East, as well as among the Orientals themselves, considerable indecision with regard to the respective claims of Seraphim and Cherubim to the highest rank in the celestial hierarchy. The deriva-

Their rank, their honours, far above
Ev'n those to high-brow'd Cherubs given,
Though knowing all;—so much doth Love
Transcend all Knowledge, ev'n in heaven!

'Mong these was ZARAPH once—and none
E'er felt affection's holy fire,
Or yearn'd towards the' Eternal One,
With half such longing, deep desire.
Love was to his impassion'd soul
Not, as with others, a mere part
Of its existence, but the whole—
The very life-breath of his heart!

tion which Hyde assigns to the word *Cherub* seems to determine the precedence in favour of that order of spirits:—"Cherubim, *i. e.* Propinqui Angeli, qui sc. Deo proprius quam alii accedunt; nam *Charab* est *i. q. Karab*, appropinquare." (P. 263.) Al Beidawi, too, one of the commentators of the Koran, on that passage, "the angels, who bear the throne, and those who stand about it," (chap. xl.) says, "These are the Cherubim, the highest order of angels." On the other hand, we have seen, in a preceding note, that the Syrians place the sphere in which the Seraphs dwell at the very summit of all the celestial systems; and even, among Mahometans, the word Azazil and Mocarreboun (which mean the spirits that stand nearest to the throne of Alla) are indiscriminately applied to both Seraphim and Cherubim.

Oft, when from ALLA's lifted brow
A lustre came, too bright to bear,
And all the seraph ranks would bow,
To shade their dazzled sight, nor dare
To look upon the' effulgence there—
This Spirit's eyes would court the blaze
(Such pride he in adoring took),
And rather lose, in that one gaze,
The power of looking, than *not* look!
Then too, when angel voices sung
The mercy of their God, and strung
Their harps to hail, with welcome sweet,
That moment, watch'd for by all eyes,
When some repentant sinner's feet
First touch'd the threshold of the skies,
Oh then how clearly did the voice
Of ZARAPH above all rejoice!
Love was in every buoyant tone—
Such love, as only could belong
To the blest angels, and alone
Could, ev'n from angels, bring such song!

Alas, that it should e'er have been
In heav'n as 'tis too often here,

Where nothing fond or bright is seen,
But it hath pain and peril near;—
Where right and wrong so close resemble,
That what we take for virtue's thrill
Is often the first downward tremble
Of the heart's balance unto ill;
Where Love hath not a shrine so pure,
So holy, but the serpent, Sin,
In moments, ev'n the most secure,
Beneath his altar may glide in!

So was it with that Angel—such
The charm, that slop'd his fall along,
From good to ill, from loving much,
Too easy lapse, to loving wrong.—
Ev'n so that am'rous Spirit, bound
By beauty's spell, where'er 'twas found,
From the bright things above the moon
Down to earth's beaming eyes descended,
Till love for the Creator soon
In passion for the creature ended.

'Twas first at twilight, on the shore
Of the smooth sea, he heard the lute

And voice of her he lov'd steal o'er
The silver waters, that lay mute,
As loth, by ev'n a breath, to stay
The pilgrimage of that sweet lay;
Whose echoes still went on and on,
Till lost among the light that shone
Far off, beyond the ocean's brim—
There, where the rich cascade of day
Had, o'er the' horizon's golden rim,
Into Elysium roll'd away!
Of God she sung, and of the mild
Attendant Mercy, that beside
His awful throne for ever smil'd,
Ready, with her white hand, to guide
His bolts of vengeance to their prey—
That she might quench them on the way!
Of Peace—of that Atoning Love,
Upon whose star, shining above
This twilight world of hope and fear,
The weeping eyes of Faith are fix'd
So fond, that with her every tear
The light of that love-star is mix'd!—
All this she sung, and such a soul
Of piety was in that song,

That the charm'd Angel, as it stole
Tenderly to his ear, along
Those lulling waters where he lay,
Watching the daylight's dying ray,
Thought 'twas a voice from out the wave,
An echo, that some sea-nymph gave
To Eden's distant harmony,
Heard faint and sweet beneath the sea!

Quickly, however, to its source,
Tracking that music's melting course,
He saw, upon the golden sand
Of the sea-shore a maiden stand,
Before whose feet the' expiring waves
Flung their last offering with a sigh—
As, in the East, exhausted slaves
Lay down the far-brought gift, and die—
And, while her lute hung by her, hush'd,
As if unequal to the tide
Of song, that from her lips still gush'd,
She rais'd, like one beatified,
Those eyes, whose light seem'd ratner given
To be ador'd than to adore—

Such eyes, as may have look'd *from* heaven,
But ne'er were rais'd to it before!

Oh Love, Religion, Music* — all
That's left of Eden upon earth —
The only blessings, since the fall
Of our weak souls, that still recall
A trace of their high, glorious birth —
How kindred are the dreams you bring!
How Love, though unto earth so prone,
Delights to take Religion's wing,
When time or grief hath stain'd his own!
How near to Love's beguiling brink,
Too oft, entranc'd Religion lies!
While Music, Music is the link
They *both* still hold by to the skies,
The language of their native sphere,
Which they had else forgotten here.

How then could ZARAPH fail to feel
That moment's witcheries? — one, so fair,

* "Les Egyptiens disent que la Musique est *Sœur de la Religion.*" — *Voyages de Pythagore*, tom. i. p. 422.

Breathing out music, that might steal
Heaven from itself, and rapt in prayer
That seraphs might be proud to share!
Oh, he *did* feel it, all too well—
With warmth, that far too dearly cost—
Nor knew he, when at last he fell,
To which attraction, to which spell,
Love, Music, or Devotion, most
His soul in that sweet hour was lost.

Sweet was the hour, though dearly won,
And pure, as aught of earth could be,
For then first did the glorious sun
Before religion's altar see
Two hearts in wedlock's golden tie
Self-pledg'd, in love to live and die.
Blest union! by that Angel wove,
And worthy from such hands to come;
Safe, sole asylum, in which Love,
When fall'n or exil'd from above,
In this dark world can find a home.

And, though the Spirit had transgress'd,
Had, from his station 'mong the blest

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Won down by woman's smile, allow'd
Terrestrial passion to breathe o'er
The mirror of his heart, and cloud
God's image, there so bright before—
Yet never did that Power look down
On error with a brow so mild;
Never did Justice wear a frown,
Through which so gently Mercy smil'd.
For humble was their love—with awe
And trembling like some treasure kept,
That was not theirs by holy law—
Whose beauty with remorse they saw,
And o'er whose preciousness they wept.
Humility, that low, sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues shoot,
Was in the hearts of both—but most
In NAMA's heart, by whom alone
Those charms, for which a heaven was lost,
Seem'd all unvalued and unknown;
And when her Seraph's eyes she caught,
And hid hers glowing on his breast,
Ev'n bliss was humbled by the thought—
"What claim have I to be so blest?"

Still less could maid, so meek, have nurs'd
Desire of knowledge—that vain thirst,
With which the sex hath all been curs'd,
From luckless Eve to her, who near
The Tabernacle stole to hear
The secrets of the angels*: no—
To love as her own Seraph lov'd,
With Faith, the same through bliss and woe—
Faith, that, were ev'n its light remov'd,
Could, like the dial, fix'd remain,
And wait till it shone out again;—
With Patience that, though often bow'd
By the rude storm, can rise anew;
And Hope that, ev'n from Evil's cloud,
Sees sunny Good half breaking through!
This deep, relying Love, worth more
In heaven than all a Cherub's lore—
This Faith, more sure than aught beside,
Was the sole joy, ambition, pride
Of her fond heart—the' unreasoning scope
Of all its views, above, below—
So true she felt it that to *hope*,
To *trust*, is happier than to *know*.

* Sara.

And thus in humbleness they trod,
Abash'd, but pure before their God;
Nor e'er did earth behold a sight
So meekly beautiful as they,
When, with the altar's holy light
Full on their brows, they knelt to pray,
Hand within hand, and side by side,
Two links of love, awhile untied
From the great chain above, but fast
Holding together to the last!—
Two fallen Splendors*, from that tree,
Which buds with such eternally†,

* An allusion to the Sephiroths or Splendors of the Jewish Cabbala, represented as a tree, of which God is the crown or summit.

The Sephiroths are the higher orders of emanative being in the strange and incomprehensible system of the Jewish Cabbala. They are called by various names, Pity, Beauty, &c. &c.; and their influences are supposed to act through certain canals, which communicate with each other.

† The reader may judge of the rationality of this Jewish system by the following explanation of part of the machinery: —"Les canaux qui sortent de la Miséricorde et de la Force, et qui vont aboutir à la Beauté, sont chargés d'un grand nombre d'Anges. Il y en a trente-cinq sur le canal de la Miséricorde, qui recompensent et qui couronnent la vertu des Saints," &c. &c. — For a concise account of the Cabalistic Philosophy, see Enfield's very useful compendium of Brucker.

Shaken to earth, yet keeping all
Their light and freshness in the fall.

Their only punishment, (as wrong,
However sweet, must bear its brand,)
Their only doom was this — that, long
As the green earth and ocean stand,
They both shall wander here — the same,
Throughout all time, in heart and frame —
Still looking to that goal sublime,
Whose light remote, but sure, they see;
Pilgrims of Love, whose way is Time,
Whose home is in Eternity!
Subject, the while, to all the strife,
True Love encounters in this life —
The wishes, hopes, he breathes in vain;
The chill, that turns his warmest sighs
To earthly vapour, ere they rise;
The doubt he feeds on, and the pain
That in his very sweetness lies: —

"On les représente quelquefois sous la figure d'un arbre .... l'Ensoph qu'on met au-dessus de l'arbre Sephirotique ou des Splendeurs divins, est l'Infini." — *L'Histoire des Juifs*, liv. ix. 11.

Still worse, the' illusions that betray
His footsteps to their shining brink;
That tempt him, on his desert way
Through the bleak world, to bend and drink,
Where nothing meets his lips, alas,—
But he again must sighing pass
On to that far-off home of peace,
In which alone his thirst will cease.

All this they bear, but, not the less,
Have moments rich in happiness—
Blest meetings, after many a day
Of widowhood past far away,
When the lov'd face again is seen
Close, close, with not a tear between—
Confidings frank, without control.
Pour'd mutually from soul to soul;
As free from any fear or doubt
As is that light from chill or stain,
The sun into the stars sheds out,
To be by them shed back again!—
That happy minglement of hearts,
Where, chang'd as chymic compounds are,

Each with its own existence parts,
To find a new one, happier far!
Such are their joys—and, crowning all,
That blessed hope of the bright hour,
When, happy and no more to fall,
Their spirits shall, with freshen'd power,
Rise up rewarded for their trust
In Him, from whom all goodness springs,
And, shaking off earth's soiling dust
From their emancipated wings,
Wander for ever through those skies
Of radiance, where Love never dies!

In what lone region of the earth
These Pilgrims now may roam or dwell,
God and the Angels, who look forth
To watch their steps, alone can tell.
But should we, in our wanderings,
Meet a young pair, whose beauty wants
But the adornment of bright wings,
To look like heaven's inhabitants—
Who shine where'er they tread, and yet
Are humble in their earthly lot,

As is the way-side violet,
That shines unseen, and were it not
For its sweet breath would be forgot—
Whose hearts, in every thought, are one,
Whose voices utter the same wills—
Answering, as Echo doth some tone
Of fairy music 'mong the hills,
So like itself, we seek in vain
Which is the echo, which the strain—
Whose piety is love, whose love,
Though close as 'twere their souls' embrace,
Is not of earth, but from above—
Like two fair mirrors, face to face,
Whose light, from one to the' other thrown,
Is heaven's reflection, not their own—
Should we e'er meet with aught so pure,
So perfect here, we may be sure
'Tis ZARAPH and his bride we see;
And call young lovers round, to view
The pilgrim pair, as they pursue
Their pathway tow'rds eternity.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

SCEPTICISM.

Ere Psyche drank the cup, that shed
  Immortal Life into her soul,
Some evil spirit pour'd, 'tis said,
  One drop of Doubt into the bowl—

Which, mingling darkly with the stream,
  To Psyche's lips—she knew not why—
Made ev'n that blessed nectar seem
  As though its sweetness soon would die.

Oft, in the very arms of Love,
  A chill came o'er her heart—a fear
That Death might, even yet, remove
  Her spirit from that happy sphere.

" Those sunny ringlets," she exclaim'd,
Twining them round her snowy fingers;
" That forehead, where a light, unnam'd,
" Unknown on earth, for ever lingers;

" Those lips, through which I feel the breath
" Of Heav'n itself, whene'er they sever—
" Say, are they mine, beyond all death,
" My own, hereafter, and for ever?

" Smile not—I know that starry brow,
" Those ringlets, and bright lips of thine,
" Will always shine, as they do now—
" But shall *I* live to *see* them shine?"

In vain did Love say, " Turn thine eyes
" On all that sparkles round thee here—
" Thou'rt now in heaven, where nothing dies,
" And in these arms—what *canst* thou fear?"

In vain—the fatal drop, that stole
Into that cup's immortal treasure,
Had lodg'd its bitter near her soul,
And gave a tinge to every pleasure.

And, though there ne'er was transport given
Like Psyche's with that radiant boy,
Hers is the only face in heaven,
That wears a cloud amid its joy.

A JOKE VERSIFIED.

"COME, come," said Tom's father, "at your time of life,
"There's no longer excuse for thus playing the rake—
"It is time you should think, boy, of taking a wife"—
"Why, so it is, father—whose wife shall I take?"

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

PURE as the mantle, which, o'er him who stood
By JORDAN's stream, descended from the sky,
Is that remembrance, which the wise and good
Leave in the hearts that love them, when they die.
So pure, so precious shall the memory be,
Bequeath'd, in dying, to our souls by thee—
So shall the love we bore thee, cherish'd warm
Within our souls through grief, and pain, and strife,
Be, like ELISHA's cruise, a holy charm,
Wherewith to "heal the waters" of this life!

TO JAMES CORRY, ESQ.

ON HIS MAKING ME A PRESENT OF A WINE STRAINER.

Brighton, June, 1825.

THIS life, dear Corry, who can doubt?—
  Resembles much friend Ewart's * wine,
When *first* the rosy drops come out,
  How beautiful, how clear they shine!

And thus awhile they keep their tint,
  So free from even a shade with some.
That they would smile, did you but hint,
  That darker drops would *ever* come.

But soon the ruby tide runs short,
  Each minute makes the sad truth plainer,
Till life, like old and crusty port,
  When near its close, requires a strainer.

* A wine-merchant.

This friendship can alone confer,
Alone can teach the drops to pass,
If not as bright as *once* they were,
At least unclouded, through the glass.

Nor, Corry, could a boon be mine,
Of which this heart were fonder, vainer,
Than thus, if life grow like old wine,
To have *thy* friendship for its strainer.

FRAGMENT OF A CHARACTER.

HERE lies Factotum Ned at last;
Long as he breath'd the vital air,
Nothing throughout all Europe pass'd,
In which Ned hadn't some small share.

Whoe'er was *in*, whoe'er was *out*,
Whatever statesmen did or said,
If not exactly brought about,
'Twas all, at least, contriv'd by Ned.

With NAP, if Russia went to war,
'Twas owing, under Providence,
To certain hints Ned gave the Czar—
(Vide his pamphlet—price, sixpence.)

If France was beat at Waterloo—
As all but Frenchmen think she was—
To Ned, as Wellington well knew,
Was owing half that day's applause.

Then for his news — no envoy's bag
E'er pass'd so many secrets through it:
Scarcely a telegraph could wag
Its wooden finger, but Ned knew it.

Such tales he had of foreign plots,
With foreign names, one's ear to buzz in!
From Russia, *chefs* and *ofs* in lots,
From Poland, *owskis* by the dozen.

When George, alarm'd for England's creed,
Turn'd out the last Whig ministry,
And men ask'd — who advis'd the deed?
Ned modestly confess'd 'twas he.

For though, by some unlucky miss,
He had not downright *seen* the King,
He sent such hints through Viscount *This*,
To Marquis *That*, as clench'd the thing.

The same it was in science, arts,
The Drama, Books, MS. and printed —
Kean learn'd from Ned his cleverest parts,
And Scott's last work by him was hinted.

Childe Harold in the proofs he read,
And, here and there, infused some soul in't—
Nay, Davy's Lamp, till seen by Ned,
Had—odd enough—an awkward hole in't.

Twas thus, all-doing and all-knowing,
Wit, statesman, boxer, chymist, singer,
Whatever was the best pye going,
In *that* Ned—trust him—had his finger.

* * * * * * *

WHAT SHALL I SING THEE?

TO ——.

WHAT shall I sing thee? Shall I tell
Of that bright hour, remember'd well
As tho' it shone but yesterday,
When, loitering idly in the ray
Of a spring sun, I heard, o'er-head,
My name as by some spirit said,
And, looking up, saw two bright eyes
Above me from a casement shine,
Dazzling my mind with such surprise
As they, who sail beyond the Line,
Feel when new stars above them rise;—
And it was thine, the voice that spoke,
Like Ariel's, in the mid-air then;
And thine the eye, whose lustre broke—
Never to be forgot again!

What shall I sing thee? Shall I weave
A song of that sweet summer-eve,

(Summer, of which the sunniest part
Was that we, each, had in the heart,)
When thou and I, and one like thee,
In life and beauty, to the sound
Of our own breathless minstrelsy,
Danc'd till the sunlight faded round,
Ourselves the whole ideal Ball,
Lights, music, company, and all!
Oh, 'tis not in the languid strain
Of lute like mine, whose day is past,
To call up ev'n a dream again
Of the fresh light those moments cast.

COUNTRY DANCE AND QUADRILLE.

ONE night the nymph call'd COUNTRY DANCE—
(Whom folks, of late, have used so ill,
Preferring a coquette from France,
That mincing thing, *Mamselle* QUADRILLE)—

Having been chased from London down
To that most humble haunt of all
She used to grace—a Country Town—
Went smiling to the New-Year's Ball.

"Here, here, at least," she cried, "though driv'n
"From London's gay and shining tracks—
"Though, like a Peri cast from heaven,
"I've lost, for ever lost, Almack's—

"Though not a London Miss alive
"Would now for her acquaintance own me;
"And spinsters, ev'n, of forty-five,
"Upon their honours ne'er have known me;

" Here, here, at least, I triumph still,
" And—spite of some few dandy Lancers,
" Who vainly try to preach Quadrille—
" See nought but *true-blue* Country Dancers.

" Here still I reign, and, fresh in charms,
" My throne, like Magna Charta, raise
" 'Mong sturdy, free-born legs and arms,
" That scorn the threaten'd *chaine Anglaise.*"

'Twas thus she said, as 'mid the din
Of footmen, and the town sedan,
She lighted at the King's Head Inn,
And up the stairs triumphant ran.

The Squires and their Squiresses all,
With young Squirinas, just *come out,*
And my Lord's daughters from the Hall,
(Quadrillers, in their hearts, no doubt,)—

All these, as light she tripp'd up stairs,
Were in the cloak-room seen assembling—
When, hark! some new, outlandish airs,
From the First Fiddle, set her trembling.

She stops—she listens—*can* it be?
Alas, in vain her ears would 'scape it—
It *is* "Di tanti palpiti"
As plain as English bow can scrape it.

"Courage!" however—in she goes,
With her best, sweeping country grace;
When, ah too true, her worst of foes,
QUADRILLE, there meets her, face to face.

Oh for the lyre, or violin,
Or kit of that gay Muse, Terpsichore,
To sing the rage these nymphs were in,
Their looks and language, airs and trickery.

There stood QUADRILLE, with cat-like face
(The beau-ideal of French beauty),
A band-box thing, all art and lace
Down from her nose-tip to her shoe-tye.

Her flounces, fresh from *Victorine*—
From *Hippolyte*, her rouge and hair—
Her poetry, from *Lamartine*—
Her morals, from—the Lord knows where.

And, when she danc'd—so slidingly,
So near the ground she plied her art,
You'd swear her mother-earth and she
Had made a compact ne'er to part.

Her face too, all the while, sedate,
No signs of life or motion showing,
Like a bright *pendule*'s dial-plate—
So still, you'd hardly think 'twas *going*.

Full fronting her stood *Country Dance*—
A fresh, frank nymph, whom you would know
For English, at a single glance—
English all o'er, from top to toe.

A little *gauche*, 'tis fair to own,
And rather given to skips and bounces;
Endangering thereby many a gown,
And playing, oft, the dev'l with flounces.

Unlike *Mamselle*—who would prefer
(As morally a lesser ill)
A thousand flaws of character,
To one vile rumple of a frill.

No rouge did She of Albion wear;
Let her but run that two-heat race
She calls a *Set*, not Dian e'er
Came rosier from the woodland chase.

Such was the nymph, whose soul had in't
Such anger now—whose eyes of blue
(Eyes of that bright, victorious tint,
Which English maids call "*Waterloo*")—

Like summer lightnings, in the dusk
Of a warm evening, flashing broke,
While—to the tune of "Money Musk*,"
Which struck up now—she proudly spoke—

"Heard you that strain—that joyous strain?
"'Twas such as England lov'd to hear,
"Ere thou, and all thy frippery train,
"Corrupted both her foot and ear—

"Ere Waltz, that rake from foreign lands,
"Presum'd, in sight of all beholders,
"To lay his rude, licentious hands
"On virtuous English backs and shoulders—

* An old English Country Dance.

" Ere times and morals both grew bad,
" And, yet unfleec'd by funding blockheads,
" Happy John Bull not only *had*,
" But danc'd to, 'Money in both pockets.'

" Alas, the change!—Oh, L—d—y,
" Where is the land could 'scape disasters,
" With *such* a Foreign Secretary,
" Aided by Foreign Dancing Masters?

" Woe to ye, men of ships and shops!
" Rulers of day-books and of waves!
" Quadrill'd, on one side, into fops,
" And drill'd, on t'other, into slaves!

" Ye, too, ye lovely victims, seen,
" Like pigeons, truss'd for exhibition,
" With elbows, *à la crapaudine*,
" And feet, in—God knows what position;

" Hemm'd in by watchful chaperons,
" Inspectors of your airs and graces,
" Who intercept all whisper'd tones,
" And read your telegraphic faces;

" Unable with the youth ador'd,
" In that grim *cordon* of Mammas,
" To interchange one tender word,
" Though whisper'd but in *queue-de-chats.*

" Ah did you know how blest we rang'd,
" Ere vile Quadrille usurp'd the fiddle—
" What looks in *setting* were exchang'd,
" What tender words in *down the middle ;*

" How many a couple, like the wind,
" Which nothing in its course controls,
" Left time and chaperons far behind,
" And gave a loose to legs and souls ;

" How matrimony throve—ere stopp'd
" By this cold, silent, foot-coquetting—
" How charmingly one's partner popp'd
" The' important question in *poussette-ing.*

" While now, alas—no sly advances—
" No marriage hints—all goes on badly—
" 'Twixt Parson Malthus and French Dances,
" We, girls, are at a discount sadly.

" Sir William Scott (now Baron Stowell)
" Declares not half so much is made
" By Licences—and he must know well—
" Since vile Quadrilling spoil'd the trade."

She ceas'd—tears fell from every Miss—
She now had touch'd the true pathetic:—
One such authentic fact as this,
Is worth whole volumes theoretic.

Instant the cry was " Country Dance!"
And the maid saw, with brightening face,
The Steward of the night advance,
And lead her to her birthright place.

The fiddles, which awhile had ceas'd,
Now tun'd again their summons sweet,
And, for one happy night, at least,
Old England's triumph was complete.

GAZEL.

HASTE, Maami, the spring is nigh;
Already, in the' unopen'd flowers
That sleep around us, Fancy's eye
Can see the blush of future bowers;
And joy it brings to thee and me,
My own beloved Maami!

The streamlet frozen on its way,
To feed the marble Founts of Kings,
Now, loosen'd by the vernal ray,
Upon its path exulting springs—
As doth this bounding heart to thee,
My ever blissful Maami!

Such bright hours were not made to stay;
Enough if they a while remain,
Like Irem's bowers, that fade away,
From time to time, and come again.
And life shall all one Irem be
For us, my gentle Maami.

O haste, for this impatient heart,
Is like the rose in Yemen's vale,
That rends its inmost leaves apart
With passion for the nightingale;
So languishes this soul for thee,
My bright and blushing Maami!

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF

JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ. OF DUBLIN.

If ever life was prosperously cast,
  If ever life was like the lengthen'd flow
Of some sweet music, sweetness to the last,
  'Twas his who, mourn'd by many, sleeps below.

The sunny temper, bright where all is strife,
  The simple heart above all worldly wiles;
Light wit that plays along the calm of life,
  And stirs its languid surface into smiles;

Pure charity, that comes not in a shower,
  Sudden and loud, oppressing what it feeds,
But, like the dew, with gradual silent power,
  Felt in the bloom it leaves along the meads;

The happy grateful spirit, that improves
And brightens every gift by fortune given;
That, wander where it will with those it loves,
Makes every place a home, and home a heaven:

All these were his. — Oh, thou who read'st this stone,
When for thyself, thy children, to the sky
Thou humbly prayest, ask this boon alone,
That ye like him may live, like him may die!

GENIUS AND CRITICISM.

Scripsit quidem fata, sed sequitur.

SENECA.

OF old, the Sultan Genius reign'd,
As Nature meant, supreme, alone;
With mind uncheck'd, and hands unchain'd,
His views, his conquests were his own.

But power like his, that digs its grave
With its own sceptre, could not last;
So Genius' self became the slave
Of laws that Genius' self had pass'd.

As Jove, who forg'd the chain of Fate,
Was, ever after, doom'd to wear it;
His nods, his struggles all too late—
" Qui semel jussit, semper paret."

To check young Genius' proud career,
The slaves, who now his throne invaded.
Made Criticism his prime Vizir,
And from that hour his glories faded.

Tied down in Legislation's school,
Afraid of even his own ambition,
His very victories were by rule,
And he was great but by permission.

His most heroic deeds—the same,
That dazzled, when spontaneous actions—
Now, done by law, seem'd cold and tame,
And shorn of all their first attractions.

If he but stirr'd to take the air,
Instant, the Vizir's Council sat—
"Good Lord, your Highness can't go there—
"Bless me, your Highness can't do that."

If, loving pomp, he chose to buy
Rich jewels for his diadem,
"The taste was bad, the price was high—
"A flower were simpler than a gem."

To please them if he took to flowers—
" What trifling, what unmeaning things!
" Fit for a woman's toilet hours,
" But not at all the style for Kings."

If, fond of his domestic sphere,
He play'd no more the rambling comet—
" A dull, good sort of man, 'twas clear,
" But, as for great or brave, far from it."

Did he then look o'er distant oceans,
For realms more worthy to enthrone him?—
" Saint Aristotle, what wild notions!
" Serve a 'ne exeat regno' on him."

At length, their last and worst to do,
They round him plac'd a guard of watchmen,
Reviewers, knaves in brown, or blue
Turn'd up with yellow—chiefly Scotchmen;

To dog his footsteps all about,
Like those in Longwood's prison grounds,
Who at Napoleon's heels rode out,
For fear the Conqueror should break bounds.

Oh for some Champion of his power,
Some *Ultra* spirit, to set free,
As erst in Shakspeare's sovereign hour,
The thunders of his Royalty!—

To vindicate his ancient line,
The first, the true, the only one,
Of Right eternal and divine,
That rules beneath the blessed sun.

TO LADY J * R * * Y,

ON BEING ASKED TO WRITE SOMETHING IN HER ALBUM.

Written at Middleton.

Oh albums, albums, how I dread
Your everlasting scrap and scrawl!
How often wish that from the dead,
Old Omar would pop forth his head,
And make a bonfire of you all!

So might I 'scape the spinster band,
The blushless blues, who, day and night,
Like duns in doorways, take their stand,
To waylay bards, with book in hand,
Crying for ever, "Write, sir, write!"

So might I shun the shame and pain,
That o'er me at this instant come,
When Beauty, seeking Wit in vain,
Knocks at the portal of my brain,
And gets, for answer, "Not at home!"

November, 1828.

TO THE SAME.

ON LOOKING THROUGH HER ALBUM.

No wonder bards, both high and low,
From Byron down to * * * * * and me
Should seek the fame, which all bestow
On him whose task is praising thee.

Let but the theme be J * r * * y's eyes,
At once all errors are forgiven;
As ev'n old Sternhold still we prize,
Because, though dull, he sings of heaven

SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

THE following trifles, having enjoyed, in their circulation through the newspapers, all the celebrity and length of life to which they were entitled, would have been suffered to pass quietly into oblivion without pretending to any further distinction, had they not already been published, in a collective form, both in London and Paris, and, in each case, been mixed up with a number of other productions, to which, whatever may be their merit, the author of the following pages has no claim. A natural desire to separate his own property, worthless as it is, from that of others, is, he begs to say, the chief motive of the publication of this volume.

SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

TO SIR HUDSON LOWE.

Effare causam nominis,
Utrumne mores hoc tui
Nomen dedere, an nomen hoc
Secuta morum regula. AUSONIUS.

1816.

SIR Hudson Lowe, Sir Hudson *Low*,
(By name, and ah! by nature so)
As thou art fond of persecutions,
Perhaps thou'st read, or heard repeated,
How Captain Gulliver was treated,
When thrown among the Lilliputians.

They tied him down—these little men did—
And having valiantly ascended
Upon the Mighty Man's protuberance,

They did so strut!—upon my soul,
It must have been extremely droll
To see their pigmy pride's exuberance!

And how the doughty mannikins
Amus'd themselves with sticking pins
And needles in the great man's breeches:
And how some *very* little things,
That pass'd for Lords, on scaffoldings
Got up, and worried him with speeches.

Alas, alas! that it should happen
To mighty men to be caught napping!—
Though different, too, these persecutions;
For Gulliver, *there*, took the nap,
While, *here*, the *Nap*, oh sad mishap,
Is taken by the Lilliputians!

AMATORY COLLOQUY BETWEEN BANK AND GOVERNMENT.

1826.

BANK.

Is all then forgotten? those amorous pranks
You and I, in our youth, my dear Government, play'd;
When you call'd me the fondest, the truest of Banks,
And enjoy'd the endearing *advances* I made!

When left to ourselves, unmolested and free,
To do all that a dashing young couple should do,
A law against *paying* was laid upon me,
But none against *owing*, dear helpmate, on you.

And is it then vanish'd?—that "hour (as Othello
So happily calls it) of Love and *Direction?*"*

* ——— "An hour
Of love, of worldly matter and direction."

And must we, like other fond doves, my dear fellow,
Grow good in our old age, and cut the connexion?

GOVERNMENT.

Even so, my belov'd Mrs. Bank, it must be;
This paying in cash plays the devil with wooing *:
We've both had our swing, but I plainly foresee
There must soon be a stop to our *bill*-ing and cooing.

Propagation in reason—a small child or two—
Even Reverend Malthus himself is a friend to;
The issue of some folks is mod'rate and few—
But *ours*, my dear corporate Bank, there's no end to!

So—hard though it be on a pair, who've already
Disposed of so many pounds, shillings, and pence;
And, in spite of that pink of prosperity, Freddy†,
So lavish of cash and so sparing of sense—

* It appears, however, that Ovid was a friend to the resumption of payment in specie: —

——— " finem, *specie* cæleste *resumtâ*,
Luctibus imposuit, venitque salutifer urbi."
Met. l. 15. v. 743.

† Honourable Frederick R—b—ns—n.

The day is at hand, my Papyria* Venus,
When—high as we once us'd to carry our capers—
Those soft *billet-doux* we're now passing between us,
Will serve but to keep Mrs. Coutts in curl-papers:

And when—if we *still* must continue our love,
(After all that has pass'd)—our amour, it is clear,
Like that which Miss Danäe manag'd with Jove,
Must all be transacted in *bullion*, my dear!

February, 1826.

* So called, to distinguish her from the "Aurea" or *Golden* Venus.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A SOVEREIGN AND A ONE POUND NOTE.

"O ego non felix, quam tu fugis, ut pavet acres
Agna lupos, capreæque leones." HOR.

SAID a Sovereign to a Note,
In the pocket of my coat,
Where they met in a neat purse of leather,
"How happens it, I prithee,
"That, though I'm wedded *with* thee,
"Fair Pound, we can never live together?

"Like your sex, fond of *change*,
"With Silver you can range,
"And of lots of young sixpences be mother;
"While with *me*—upon my word,
"Not my Lady and my Lord
"Of W—stm—th see so little of each other!"

The indignant Note replied
(Lying crumpled by his side),
"Shame, shame, it is *yourself* that roam, Sir—

" One cannot look askance,
" But, whip! you're off to France,
" Leaving nothing but old rags at home, Sir.

" Your scampering began
" From the moment Parson Van,
" Poor man, made us *one* in Love's fetter;
" ' For better or for worse'
" Is the usual marriage curse,
" But ours is all ' worse' and no ' better.'

" In vain are laws pass'd,
" There's nothing holds you fast,
" Tho' you know, sweet Sovereign, I adore you—
" At the smallest hint in life,
" You forsake your lawful wife,
" As *other* Sovereigns did before you.

" I flirt with Silver, true—
" But what can ladies do,
" When disown'd by their natural protectors?
" And as to falsehood, stuff!
" I shall soon be *false* enough,
" When I get among those wicked Bank Directors."

The Sovereign, smiling on her,
Now swore, upon his honour,
To be henceforth domestic and loyal;
But, within an hour or two,
Why—I sold him to a Jew,
And he's now at No. 10. Palais Royal.

AN EXPOSTULATION TO LORD KING.

"Quem das finem, Rex magne, laborum?" VIRGIL.

1826.

How *can* you, my Lord, thus delight to torment all
The Peers of the realm about cheapening their corn*,
When you know, if one hasn't a very high rental,
'Tis hardly worth while being very high born?

Why bore them so rudely, each night of your life,
On a question, my Lord, there's so much to abhor in?
A question—like asking one, "How is your wife?"—
At once so confounded *domestic* and *foreign*.

As to weavers, no matter how poorly they feast;
But Peers, and such animals, fed up for show,
(Like the well-physick'd elephant, lately deceas'd,)
Take a wonderful quantum of cramming, you know.

* See the proceedings of the Lords, Wednesday, March 1. 1826, when Lord King was severely reproved by several of the noble Peers, for making so many speeches against the Corn Laws.

You might see, my dear Baron, how bor'd and distrest
Were their high noble hearts by your merciless tale,
When the force of the agony wrung ev'n a jest
From the frugal Scotch wit of my Lord L–d–d–le! *

Bright Peer! to whom Nature and Berwickshire gave
A humour, endow'd with effects so provoking,
That, when the whole House looks unusually grave,
You may always conclude that Lord L–d–d–le's joking!

And then, those unfortunate weavers of Perth —
Not to know the vast difference Providence dooms
Between weavers of Perth and Peers of high birth,
'Twixt those who have *heir*-looms, and those who've but looms!

[said †—
"To talk *now* of starving!" — as great Ath—l
(And the nobles all cheer'd, and the bishops all wonder'd,)

* This noble Earl said, that "when he heard the petition came from ladies' boot and shoemakers, he thought it must be against the 'corns' which they inflicted on the fair sex."

† The Duke of Athol said, that "at a former period, when these weavers were in great distress, the landed interest of

"When, some years ago, he and others had fed
Of these same hungry devils about fifteen hundred!"

It follows from hence—and the Duke's very words
Should be publish'd wherever poor rogues of this craft are—
That weavers, *once* rescued from starving by Lords,
Are bound to be starved by said Lords ever after.

When Rome was uproarious, her knowing patricians
Made "Bread and the Circus" a cure for each *row*;
But not so the plan of *our* noble physicians,
"No Bread and the Tread-mill's" the regimen now.

So cease, my dear Baron of Ockham, your prose,
As I shall my poetry—*neither* convinces;
And all we have spoken and written but shows,
When you tread on a nobleman's *corn**, how he winces.

Perth had supported 1500 of them. It was a poor return for these very men now to petition against the persons who had fed them."

* An improvement, we flatter ourselves, on Lord L.'s joke.

THE SINKING FUND CRIED.

"Now what, we ask, is become of this Sinking Fund — these eight millions of surplus above expenditure, which were to reduce the interest of the national debt by the amount of four hundred thousand pounds annually? Where, indeed, is the Sinking Fund itself?" — *The Times*.

TAKE your bell, take your bell,
Good Crier, and tell
To the Bulls and the Bears, till their ears are stunn'd,
That, lost or stolen,
Or fall'n through a hole in
The Treasury floor, is the Sinking Fund!

O yes! O yes!
Can any body guess
What the deuce has become of this Treasury wonder?
It has Pitt's name on't,
All brass, in the front,
And R—b—ns—n's, scrawl'd with a goose-quill, under.

Folks well knew what
Would soon be its lot,
When Frederick and Jenky set hob-nobbing*,
And said to each other,
"Suppose, dear brother,
"We make this funny old Fund worth robbing."

We are come, alas!
To a very pretty pass—
Eight Hundred Millions of score, to pay,
With but Five in the till,
To discharge the bill,
And even that Five, too, whipp'd away!

Stop thief! stop thief!—
From the Sub to the Chief,
These *Gemmen* of Finance are plundering cattle—
Call the watch—call Brougham,
Tell Joseph Hume,
That best of Charleys, to spring his rattle.

* In 1824, when the Sinking Fund was raised by the imposition of new taxes to the sum of five millions.

Whoever will bring
This aforesaid thing
To the well-known House of Bobinson and Jenkin,
Shall be paid, with thanks,
In the notes of banks,
Whose Funds have all learn'd "the Art of Sinking."

O yes! O yes!
Can any body guess
What the dev'l has become of this Treasury wonder?
It has Pitt's name on't,
All brass, in the front,
And R—b—ns—n's, scrawl'd with a goose-quill,
under.

ODE TO THE GODDESS CERES.

BY SIR TH—M—S L—THBR—E.

"Legiferæ Cereri Phœboque." VIRGIL.

DEAR Goddess of Corn, whom the ancients, we know,
(Among other odd whims of those comical bodies,)
Adorn'd with somniferous poppies, to show
Thou wert always a true Country-gentleman's Goddess.

Behold, in his best shooting-jacket, before thee,
An eloquent 'Squire, who most humbly beseeches,
Great Queen of Mark-lane (if the thing doesn't bore thee),
Thou'lt read o'er the last of his — *never*-last speeches.

Ah! Ceres, thou know't not the slander and scorn
Now heap'd upon England's 'Squirearchy, so boasted;

Improving on Hunt,* 'tis no longer the Corn,
'Tis the *growers* of Corn that are now, alas! roasted.

In speeches, in books, in all shapes they attack us—
Reviewers, economists—fellows, no doubt,
That you, my dear Ceres, and Venus, and Bacchus,
And Gods of high fashion know little about.

There's B—nth—m, whose English is all his own making,—
Who thinks just as little of settling a nation
As he would of smoking his pipe, or of taking
(What he, himself, calls) his "post-prandial vibration." †

There are two Mr. M——lls, too, whom those that love reading
Through all that's unreadable, call very clever;—
And, whereas M——ll Senior makes war on *good* breeding, [ever!
M——ll Junior makes war on all *breeding* what-

* A sort of "breakfast-powder," composed of roasted corn, was about this time introduced by Mr. Hunt, as a substitute for coffee.

† The venerable Jeremy's phrase for his after-dinner walk.

In short, my dear Goddess, Old England's divided
Between *ultra* blockheads and superfine sages;—
With *which* of these classes we, landlords, have sided
Thou'lt find in my Speech, if thou'lt read a few pages.

For therein I've prov'd, to my own satisfaction,
And that of all 'Squires I've the honour of meeting,
That 'tis the most senseless and foul-mouth'd detraction
To say that poor people are fond of cheap eating.

On the contrary, such the "*chaste* notions*" of food
That dwell in each pale manufacturer's heart,
They would scorn any law, be it ever so good,
That would make thee, dear Goddess, less dear than thou art!

And, oh! for Monopoly what a blest day,
When the Land and the Silk† shall, in fond combination,

* A phrase in one of Sir T—m—s's last speeches.

† Great efforts were, at that time, making for the exclusion of foreign silk.

(Like *Sulky* and *Silky*, that pair in the play*,)
Cry out, with one voice, for High Rents and
Starvation!

Long life to the Minister!—no matter who,
Or how dull he may be, if, with dignified spirit, he
Keeps the ports shut—and the people's mouths, too—
We shall all have a long run of Freddy's prosperity.

And, as for myself, who've, like Hannibal, sworn
To hate the whole crew who would take our rents
from us,
Had England but *One* to stand by thee, Dear Corn,
That last, honest Uni-Corn† would be Sir Th–m–s!

* "Road to Ruin."

† This is meant not so much for a pun, as in allusion to the natural history of the Unicorn, which is supposed to be something between the Bos and the Asinus, and, as Rees's Cyclopædia assures us, has a particular liking for every thing "chaste."

A HYMN OF WELCOME AFTER THE RECESS.

"Animas sapientiores fieri quiescendo."

And now—cross-buns and pancakes o'er—
Hail, Lords and Gentlemen, once more!
Thrice hail and welcome, Houses Twain!
The short eclipse of April-Day
Having (God grant it!) pass'd away,
Collective Wisdom, shine again!

Come, Ayes and Noes, through thick and thin,—
With Paddy H—lmes for whipper-in,—
Whate'er the job, prepar'd to back it;
Come, voters of Supplies—bestowers
Of jackets upon trumpet-blowers,
At eighty mortal pounds the jacket!*

* An item of expense which Mr. Hume in vain endeavoured to get rid of:—trumpeters, it appears, like the men of All-Souls, must be "*bene vestiti.*"

Come—free, at length, from Joint-Stock cares—
Ye Senators of many Shares,
Whose dreams of premium knew no boundary;
So fond of aught like *Company*,
That you would even have taken *tea*
(Had you been ask'd) with Mr. Goundry.*

Come, matchless country-gentlemen;
Come, wise Sir Thomas—wisest then,
When creeds and corn-laws are debated;
Come, rival ev'n the Harlot Red,
And show how wholly into *bread*
A 'Squire is *transubstantiated.*

Come, L—derd—e, and tell the world,
That—surely as thy scratch is curl'd,
As never scratch was curl'd before—
Cheap eating does more harm than good,
And working-people, spoil'd by food,
The less they eat, will work the more.

* The gentleman, lately before the public, who kept his *Joint*-Stock Tea Company all to himself, singing "*Te* solo adoro."

Come, G—lb—rn, with thy glib defence
(Which thou'dst have made for Peter's Pence)
Of Church-Rates, worthy of a halter;
Two pipes of port (*old* port, 'twas said
By honest *New*port*) bought and paid
By Papists for the Orange Altar!†

Come, H—rt—n, with thy plan, so merry,
For peopling Canada from Kerry—
Not so much rendering Ireland quiet,
As grafting on the dull Canadians
That liveliest of earth's contagions,
The *bull*-pock of Hibernian riot!

Come all, in short, ye wond'rous men
Of wit and wisdom, come again;
Though short your absence, all deplore it—
Oh, come and show, whate'er men say,
That you can, *after* April-Day,
Be just as —sapient as *before* it.

* Sir John Newport.

† This charge of two pipes of port for the sacramental wine is a precious specimen of the sort of rates levied upon their Catholic fellow-parishioners by the Irish Protestants.

" The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine."

MEMORABILIA OF LAST WEEK.

MONDAY, MARCH 13. 1826.

THE Budget—quite charming and witty—no hearing,
For plaudits and laughs, the good things that were in it;—
Great comfort to find, though the Speech isn't *cheering*,
That all its gay auditors *were*, every minute.

What, *still* more prosperity!—mercy upon us,
"This boy'll be the death of me"—oft as, already,
Such smooth Budgeteers have genteelly undone us,
For *Ruin made easy* there's no one like Freddy.

TUESDAY.

Much grave apprehension express'd by the Peers,
Lest—calling to life the old Peachums and Lockitts—

The large stock of gold we're to have in three years,
Should all find its way into highwaymen's pockets!!*

* * * * *

WEDNESDAY.

Little doing—for sacred, oh Wednesday, thou art
To the seven-o'-clock joys of full many a table—
When *the Members* all meet, to make much of that part,
With which they so rashly fell out, in the Fable.

It appear'd, though, to-night, that—as church-wardens, yearly,
Eat up a small baby—those cormorant sinners,
The Bankrupt-Commissioners, *bolt* very nearly
A mod'rate-siz'd bankrupt, *tout chaud*, for their dinners!†

* "Another objection to a metallic currency was, that it produced a greater number of highway robberies."—*Debate in the Lords.*

† Mr. Abercromby's statement of the enormous tavern bills of the Commissioners of Bankrupts.

Nota bene—a rumour to-day, in the City,
"Mr. R—b—ns—n just has resign'd"—what a pity!
The Bulls and the Bears all fell a sobbing,
When they heard of the fate of poor Cock *Robin*;
While thus, to the nursery tune, so pretty,
A murmuring *Stock*-dove breath'd her ditty:—

Alas, poor *Robin*, he crow'd as long
And as sweet as a prosperous Cock could crow;
But his *note* was *small*, and the *gold*-finch's song
Was a pitch too high for Robin to go.
Who'll make his shroud?

"I," said the Bank, "though he play'd me a prank,
"While I have a rag, poor *Rob* shall be roll'd in't,
"With many a pound I'll paper him round,
"Like a plump rouleau—*without* the gold in't.'

* * * * *

ALL IN THE FAMILY WAY.

A NEW PASTORAL BALLAD.

(SUNG IN THE CHARACTER OF BRITANNIA.)

"The Public Debt is due from ourselves to ourselves, and resolves itself into a Family Account."—*Sir Robert Peel's Letter.*

Tune—*My banks are all furnish'd with bees.*

My banks are all furnish'd with rags,
So thick, even Freddy can't thin 'em;
I've torn up my old money-bags,
Having little or nought to put in 'em.
My tradesmen are smashing by dozens,
But this is all nothing, they say;
For bankrupts, since Adam, are cousins,—
So, it's all in the family way.

My Debt not a penny takes from me,
As sages the matter explain;—

Bob owes it to Tom, and then Tommy
Just owes it to Bob back again.
Since all have thus taken to *owing*,
There's nobody left that can *pay* ;
And this is the way to keep going,—
All quite in the family way.

My senators vote away millions,
To put in Prosperity's budget;
And though it were billions or trillions,
The generous rogues wouldn't grudge it.
'Tis all but a family *hop*,
'Twas Pitt began dancing the hay;
Hands round!—why the deuce should we stop?
'Tis all in the family way.

My labourers used to eat mutton,
As any great man of the State does;
And now the poor devils are put on
Small rations of tea and potatoes.
But cheer up, John, Sawney, and Paddy,
The King is your father, they say;
So, ev'n if you starve for your Daddy,
'Tis all in the family way.

My rich manufacturers tumble,
  My poor ones have nothing to chew;
And, ev'n if themselves do not grumble,
  Their stomachs undoubtedly do.
But coolly to fast *en famille*,
  Is as good for the soul as to pray;
And famine itself is genteel,
  When one starves in a family way.

I have found out a secret for Freddy,
  A secret for next Budget day;
Though, perhaps, he may know it already,
  As *he*, too, 's a sage in his way.
When next for the Treasury scene he
  Announces "the Devil to pay,"
Let him write on the bills, "*Nota bene*,
"'Tis all in the family way."

BALLAD FOR THE CAMBRIDGE ELECTION.

"I authorized my Committee to take the step which they did, of proposing a fair comparison of strength, upon the understanding that *whichever of the two should prove to be the weakest*, should give way to the other."—*Extract from Mr. W. J. B—kes's Letter to Mr. G—lb—n.*

B—KES is weak, and G—lb—n too,
No one e'er the fact denied;—
Which is "*weakest*" of the two,
Cambridge can alone decide.
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

G—lb—n of the Pope afraid is,
B—kes, as much afraid as he;
Never yet did two old ladies
On this point so well agree.
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Each a different mode pursues,
Each the same conclusion reaches;

B—kes is foolish in Reviews,
G—lb—n, foolish in his speeches.
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Each a different foe doth damn,
When his own affairs have gone ill;
B—kes he damneth Buckingham,
G—lb—n damneth Dan O'Connell.
Choose between them, Cambridge, pray,
Which is weakest, Cambridge, say.

Once, we know, a horse's neigh
Fix'd the' election to a throne
So, whichever first shall *bray*,
Choose him, Cambridge, for thy own.
Choose him, choose him by his bray,
Thus elect him, Cambridge, pray.

June, 1826.

MR. ROGER DODSWORTH.

1826.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir, — Having just heard of the wonderful resurrection of Mr. Roger Dodsworth from under an *avalanche*, where he had remained, *bien frappé*, it seems, for the last 166 years, I hasten to impart to you a few reflections on the subject. — Yours, &c.

LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI.

WHAT a lucky turn-up! — just as Eld — n's with-
drawing,
To find thus a gentleman, froz'n in the year
Sixteen hundred and sixty, who only wants thawing,
To serve for *our* times quite as well as the
Peer; —

To bring thus to light, not the Wisdom alone
Of our Ancestors, such as 'tis found on our shelves,
But, in perfect condition, full-wigg'd and full-grown,
To shovel up one of those wise bucks themselves!

Oh thaw Mr. Dodsworth, and send him safe home —
Let him learn nothing useful or new on the way;

With his wisdom kept snug from the light let him
come,
And our Tories will hail him with "Hear!" and
"Hurra!"

What a God-send to *them!*—a good, obsolete man,
Who has never of Locke or Voltaire been a
reader;—
Oh thaw Mr. Dodsworth as fast as you can,
And the L—nsd—les and H—rtf—rds shall
choose him for leader.

Yes, Sleeper of Ages, thou *shalt* be their chosen;
And deeply with thee will they sorrow, good
men,
To think that all Europe has, since thou wert frozen,
So alter'd, thou hardly wilt know it again.

And Eld—n will weep o'er each sad innovation
Such oceans of tears, thou wilt fancy that he
Has been also laid up in a long congelation,
And is only now thawing, dear Roger, like thee.

COPY OF AN INTERCEPTED DESPATCH.

FROM HIS EXCELLENCY DON STREPITOSO DIABOLO, ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY TO HIS SATANIC MAJESTY.

St. James's Street, July 1. 1826.

GREAT Sir, having just had the good luck to catch
An official young Demon, preparing to go,
Ready booted and spurr'd, with a black-leg despatch
From the Hell here, at Cr—ckf—rd's, to *our*
Hell, below—

I write these few lines to your Highness Satanic,
To say that, first having obey'd your directions,
And done all the mischief I could in "the Panic,"
My next special care was to help the Elections.

Well knowing how dear were those times to thy
soul,
When ev'ry good Christian tormented his brother.

And caus'd, in thy realm, such a saving of coal,
From all coming down, ready grill'd by each other;

Rememb'ring, besides, how it pain'd thee to part
With the Old Penal Code—that *chef-d'œuvre* of Law,
In which (though to own it too modest thou art)
We could plainly perceive the fine touch of thy claw;

I thought, as we ne'er can those good times revive,
(Though Eld—n, with help from your Highness would try,)
'Twould still keep a taste for Hell's music alive,
Could we get up a thund'ring No-Popery cry;—

That yell which, when chorus'd by laics and clerics,
So like is to *ours*, in its spirit and tone,
That I often nigh laugh myself into hysterics,
To think that Religion should make it her own.

So, having sent down for the' original notes
Of the chorus, as sung by your Majesty's choir,

With a few pints of lava, to gargle the throats
Of myself and some others, who sing it "with fire*,"

Thought I, "if the Marseillois Hymn could command
"Such audience, though yell'd by a *Sans-culotte* crew,
"What wonders shall *we* do, who've men in our band,
"That not only wear breeches, but petticoats too."

Such *then* were my hopes; but, with sorrow, your Highness,
I'm forc'd to confess—be the cause what it will,
Whether fewness of voices, or hoarseness, or shyness,—
Our Beelzebub Chorus has gone off but ill.

The truth is, no placeman now knows his right key,
The Treasury pitch-pipe of late is so various;

* *Con fuoco* — a music-book direction.

And certain *base* voices, that look'd for a fee
At the *York* music-meeting, now think it precarious.

Even some of our Reverends *might* have been warmer,—
Though one or two capital roarers we've had;
Doctor Wise* is, for instance, a charming performer,
And *Huntingdon* Maberley's yell was not bad!

Altogether, however, the thing was not hearty;—
Even Eld—n allows we got on but so so;
And when next we attempt a No-Popery party,
We *must*, please your Highness, recruit *from below*.

But, hark, the young Black-leg is cracking his whip—
Excuse me, Great Sir—there's no time to be civil;—

* This reverend gentleman distinguished himself at the Reading election.

The next opportunity shan't be let slip,
But, till then,
I'm, in haste, your most dutiful
DEVIL.

July, 1826.

THE MILLENNIUM.

SUGGESTED BY THE LATE WORK OF THE REVEREND MR. IRV—NG "ON PROPHECY."

1826.

A MILLENNIUM at hand!—I'm delighted to hear it—
As matters, both public and private, now go,
With multitudes round us all starving, or near it,
A good, rich Millennium will come *à-propos*.

Only think, Master Fred, what delight to behold,
Instead of thy bankrupt old City of Rags,
A bran-new Jerusalem, built all of gold,
Sound bullion throughout, from the roof to the flags—

A City, where wine and cheap corn * shall abound—
A celestial *Cocaigne*, on whose buttery shelves

* "A measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of barley for a penny."—*Rev.* vi.

We may swear the best things of this world will be
found,
As your Saints seldom fail to take care of them-
selves!

Thanks, reverend expounder of raptures Elysian*,
Divine Squintifobus, who, plac'd within reach
Of two opposite worlds, by a twist of your vision,
Can cast, at the same time, a sly look at each;—

Thanks, thanks for the hope thou affordest, that we
May, ev'n in our own times, a Jubilee share,
Which so long has been promis'd by prophets like
thee,
And so often postpon'd, we began to despair.

There was Whiston†, who learnedly took Prince
Eugene
For the man who must bring the Millennium
about;

* See the oration of this reverend gentleman, where he describes the connubial joys of Paradise, and paints the angels hovering round "each happy fair."

† When Whiston presented to Prince Eugene the Essay in

There's Faber, whose pious productions have been
All belied, ere his book's first edition was out;—

There was Counsellor Dobbs, too, an Irish M. P.,
Who discours'd on the subject with signal *éclât*,
And, each day of his life, sat expecting to see
A Millennium break out in the town of Armagh!*

There was also—but why should I burden my lay
With your Brotherses, Southcotes, and names less deserving,
When all past Millenniums henceforth must give way
To the last new Millennium of Orator Irv—ng.

which he attempted to connect his victories over the Turks with Revelation, the Prince is said to have replied, that "he was not aware he had ever had the honour of being known to St. John."

* Mr. Dobbs was a member of the Irish Parliament, and, on all other subjects but the Millennium, a very sensible person: he chose Armagh as the scene of his Millennium, on account of the name Armageddon, mentioned in Revelation.

Go on, mighty man,—doom them all to the shelf,—
And when next thou with Prophecy troublest thy sconce,
Oh forget not, I pray thee, to prove that thyself
Art the Beast (Chapter iv.) that sees nine ways at once.

THE THREE DOCTORS.

Doctoribus lætamur tribus.

1826.

THOUGH many great Doctors there be,
There are three that all Doctors out-top,
Doctor Eady, that famous M. D.,
Doctor S—th—y, and dear Doctor Slop.*

The purger—the proser—the bard—
All quacks in a different style;
Doctor S—th—y writes books by the yard,
Doctor Eady writes puffs by the mile! †

Doctor Slop, in no merit outdone
By his scribbling or physicking brother,
Can dose us with stuff like the one,
Ay, and *doze* us with stuff like the other.

* The editor of the Morning Herald, so nick-named.

† Alluding to the display of this doctor's name, in chalk, on all the walls round the metropolis.

Doctor Eady good company keeps
With "No Popery" scribes, on the walls;
Doctor S—th—y as gloriously sleeps
With "No Popery" scribes, on the stalls.

Doctor Slop, upon subjects divine,
Such bedlamite slaver lets drop,
That, if Eady should take the *mad* line,
He'll be sure of a patient in Slop.

Seven millions of Papists, no less,
Doctor S—th—y attacks, like a Turk*;
Doctor Eady, less bold, I confess,
Attacks but his maid-of-all-work.†

* This seraphic doctor, in the preface to his last work (*Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*), is pleased to anathematize not only all Catholics, but all advocates of Catholics:—"They have for their immediate allies (he says) every faction that is banded against the State, every demagogue, every irreligious and seditious journalist, every open and every insidious enemy to Monarchy and to Christianity."

† See the late accounts in the newspapers of the appearance of this gentleman at one of the Police-offices, in consequence of an alleged assault on his "maid-of-all-work."

Doctor S—th—y, for *his* grand attack,
Both a laureate and pensioner is;
While poor Doctor Eady, alack,
Has been *had up* to Bow-street, for his!

And truly, the law does so blunder,
That, though little blood has been spilt, he
May probably suffer as, under
The *Chalking* Act, *known* to be guilty.

So much for the merits sublime
(With whose catalogue ne'er should I stop)
Of the three greatest lights of our time,
Doctor Eady, and S—th—y, and Slop!

Should you ask me, to *which* of the three
Great Doctors the pref'rence should fall,
As a matter of course, I agree
Doctor Eady must go to *the wall.*

But as S—th—y with laurels is crown'd,
And Slop with a wig and a tail is,

Let Eady's bright temples be bound
With a swingeing "Corona *Muralis!*"*

* A crown granted as a reward among the Romans to persons who performed any extraordinary exploits upon *walls*, such as scaling them, battering them, &c. — No doubt, writing upon them, to the extent Dr. Eady does, would equally establish a claim to the honour.

EPITAPH ON A TUFT-HUNTER.

LAMENT, lament, Sir Isaac Heard,
Put mourning round thy page, Debrett,
For here lies one, who ne'er preferr'd
A Viscount to a Marquis yet.

Beside him place the God of Wit,
Before him Beauty's rosiest girls,
Apollo for a *star* he'd quit,
And Love's own sister for an Earl's.

Did niggard fate no peers afford,
He took, of course, to peers' relations;
And, rather than not sport a Lord,
Put up with ev'n the last creations.

Ev'n Irish names, could he but tag 'em
With "Lord" and "Duke," were sweet to call;
And, at a pinch, Lord Ballyraggum
Was better than no Lord at all.

Heav'n grant him now some noble nook,
For, rest his soul! he'd rather be
Genteelly damn'd beside a Duke,
Than sav'd in vulgar company.

ODE TO A HAT.

——— "altum
Ædificat caput." JUVENAL.

1826.

HAIL, reverend Hat!—sublime 'mid all
The minor felts that round thee grovel;—
Thou, that the Gods "a Delta" call,
While meaner mortals call thee "shovel."

When on thy shape (like pyramid,
Cut horizontally in two)*
I raptur'd gaze, what dreams, unbid,
Of stalls and mitres bless my view!

That brim of brims, so sleekly good—
Not flapp'd, like dull Wesleyans', down,
But looking (as all churchmen's should)
Devoutly upward—tow'rds the *crown*.

* So described by a Reverend Historian of the Church:—
"A Delta hat, like the horizontal section of a pyramid."—
GRANT'S *History of the English Church*.

Gods! when I gaze upon that brim,
So redolent of Church all over,
What swarms of Tithes, in vision dim,—
Some pig-tail'd, some like cherubim,
With ducklings' wings—around it hover!
Tenths of all dead and living things,
That Nature into being brings,
From calves and corn to chitterlings.

Say, holy Hat, that hast, of cocks,
The very cock most orthodox,
To *which*, of all the well-fed throng
Of Zion *, joy'st thou to belong?
Thou'rt *not* Sir Harcourt Lees's—no—
For hats grow like the heads that wear 'em;
And hats, on heads like his, would grow
Particularly *harum-scarum*.
Who knows but thou may'st deck the pate
Of that fam'd Doctor Ad—mth—te,
(The reverend rat, whom we saw stand
On his hind-legs in Westmoreland,)

* Archbishop Magee affectionately calls the Church Establishment of Ireland "the little Zion."

Who chang'd so quick from *blue* to *yellow*,
And would from *yellow* back to *blue*,
And back again, convenient fellow,
If 'twere his interest so to do.

Or, haply, smartest of triangles,
Thou art the hat of Doctor Ow—n;
The hat that, to his vestry wrangles,
That venerable priest doth go in,—
And, then and there, amid the stare
Of all St. Olave's, takes the chair,
And quotes, with phiz right orthodox,
The' example of his reverend brothers,
To prove that priests all fleece their flocks,
And *he* must fleece as well as others.

Blest Hat! (whoe'er thy lord may be)
Thus low I take off mine to thee,
The homage of a layman's *castor*,
To the spruce *delta* of his pastor.
Oh may'st thou be, as thou proceedest,
Still smarter cock'd, still brush'd the brighter,
Till, bowing all the way, thou leadest
Thy sleek possessor to a mitre!

NEWS FOR COUNTRY COUSINS.

1826.

DEAR Coz, as I know neither you nor Miss Draper,
When Parliament's up, ever take in a paper,
But trust for your news to such stray odds and ends
As you chance to pick up from political friends—
Being one of this well-inform'd class, I sit down
To transmit you the last newest news that's in town.

As to Greece and Lord Cochrane, things couldn't
look better—
His Lordship (who promises now to fight faster)
Has just taken Rhodes, and despatch'd off a letter
To Daniel O'Connell, to make him Grand Master;
Engaging to change the old name, if he can,
From the Knights of St. John to the Knights of St.
Dan;—
Or, if Dan should prefer (as a still better whim)
Being made the Colossus, 'tis all one to him.

From Russia the last accounts are that the Czar—
Most gen'rous and kind, as all sovereigns are,

And whose first princely act (as you know, I suppose)
Was to give away all his late brother's old clothes*—
Is now busy collecting, with brotherly care,
The late Emperor's nightcaps, and thinks of bestowing
One nightcap apiece (if he has them to spare)
On all the distinguish'd old ladies now going.
(While I write, an arrival from Riga—the 'Brothers'—
Having nightcaps on board for Lord Eld—n and others.)

Last advices from India—Sir Archy, 'tis thought,
Was near catching a Tartar (the first ever caught
In N. Lat. 21.)—and his Highness Burmese,
Being very hard press'd to shell out the rupees,
And not having rhino sufficient, they say, meant
To pawn his august Golden Foot† for the payment.
(How lucky for monarchs, that thus, when they choose,
Can establish a *running* account with the Jews!)

* A distribution was made of the Emperor Alexander's military wardrobe by his successor.

† This potentate styles himself the Monarch of the Golden Foot.

The security being what Rothschild calls "goot,"
A loan will be shortly, of course, set *on foot;*
The parties are Rothschild, A. Baring and Co.
With three other great pawnbrokers: each takes a toe,
And engages (lest Gold-foot should give us *leg*-bail,
As he did once before) to pay down *on the nail.*

This is all for the present—what vile pens and paper!
Yours truly, dear Cousin—best love to Miss Draper.

September, 1826.

A VISION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF CHRISTABEL.

"Up!" said the Spirit, and, ere I could pray
One hasty orison, whirl'd me away
To a Limbo, lying—I wist not where—
Above or below, in earth or air;
For it glimmer'd o'er with a *doubtful* light,
One couldn't say whether 'twas day or night;
And 'twas crost by many a mazy track,
One didn't know how to get on or back;
And I felt like a needle that's going astray
(With its *one* eye out) through a bundle of hay;
When the Spirit he grinn'd, and whisper'd me,
"Thou'rt now in the Court of Chancery!"

Around me flitted unnumber'd swarms
Of shapeless, bodiless, tailless forms;
(Like bottled-up babes, that grace the room
Of that worthy knight, Sir Everard Home)—

All of them, things half-kill'd in rearing;
Some were lame—some wanted *hearing*;
Some had through half a century run,
Though they hadn't a leg to stand upon.
Others, more merry, as just beginning,
Around on a *point of law* were spinning;
Or balanc'd aloft, 'twixt *Bill* and *Answer*,
Lead at each end, like a tight-rope dancer.
Some were so *cross*, that nothing could please 'em;—
Some gulp'd down *affidavits* to ease 'em:—
All were in motion, yet never a one,
Let it *move* as it might, could ever move *on*.
"These," said the Spirit, "you plainly see,
"Are what they call suits in Chancery!"

I heard a loud screaming of old and young,
Like a chorus by fifty Vellutis sung;
Or an Irish Dump ("the words by Moore')
At an amateur concert scream'd in score;—
So harsh on my ear that wailing fell
Of the wretches who in this Limbo dwell!
It seem'd like the dismal symphony
Of the shapes Æneas in hell did see;

Or those frogs, whose legs a barbarous cook
Cut off, and left the frogs in the brook,
To cry all night, till life's last dregs,
"Give us our legs!—give us our legs!"
Touch'd with the sad and sorrowful scene,
I ask'd what all this yell might mean,
When the Spirit replied, with a grin of glee,
"'Tis the cry of the Suitors in Chancery!"

I look'd, and I saw a wizard rise,*
With a wig like a cloud before men's eyes.
In his aged hand he held a wand,
Wherewith he beckon'd his embryo band,
And they mov'd and mov'd, as he wav'd it o'er,
But they never got on one inch the more.
And still they kept limping to and fro,
Like Ariels round old Prospero—
Saying, "Dear Master, let us go,"
But still old Prospero answer'd "No."
And I heard, the while, that wizard elf
Muttering, muttering spells to himself,

* The Lord Chancellor Eld—n.

While o'er as many old papers he turn'd,
As Hume e'er mov'd for, or Omar burn'd.
He talk'd of his virtue—"though some, less nice,
(He own'd with a sigh) preferr'd his *Vice*"—
And he said, "I think"—"I doubt"—"I hope,"
Call'd God to witness, and damn'd the Pope;
With many more sleights of tongue and hand
I couldn't, for the soul of me, understand.
Amaz'd and pos'd, I was just about
To ask his name, when the screams without,
The merciless clack of the imps within,
And that conjuror's mutterings, made such a din,
That, startled, I woke—leap'd up in my bed—
Found the Spirit, the imps, and the conjuror fled,
And bless'd my stars, right pleas'd to see,
That I wasn't, as yet, in Chancery.

THE PETITION OF THE ORANGEMEN OF IRELAND.

1826.

To the people of England, the humble Petition
Of Ireland's disconsolate Orangemen, showing—
That sad, very sad, is our present condition;—
Our jobbing all gone, and our noble selves going;—

That, forming one seventh, within a few fractions,
Of Ireland's seven millions of hot heads and hearts,
We hold it the basest of all base transactions
To keep us from murd'ring the other six parts;—

That, as to laws made for the good of the many,
We humbly suggest there is nothing less true;
As all human laws (and our own, more than any)
Are made *by* and *for* a particular few;—

That much it delights ev'ry true Orange brother,
To see you, in England, such ardour evince,

In discussing *which* sect most tormented the other,
And burn'd with most *gusto*, some hundred years since;—

That we love to behold, while old England grows faint,
Messrs. Southey and Butler nigh coming to blows,
To decide whether Dunstan, that strong-bodied Saint,
Ever truly and really pull'd the Dev'l's nose;

Whether t'other Saint, Dominic, burnt the Dev'l's paw—
Whether Edwy intrigued with Elgiva's old mother—*
And many such points, from which Southey can draw
Conclusions most apt for our hating each other.

That 'tis very well known this devout Irish nation
Has now, for some ages, gone happily on,

* To such important discussions as these the greater part of Dr. Southey's *Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ* is devoted.

Believing in two kinds of Substantiation,
One party in *Trans* and the other in *Con*;*

That we, your petitioning *Cons*, have, in right
Of the said monosyllable, ravag'd the lands,
And embezzled the goods, and annoy'd, day and night,
Both the bodies and souls of the sticklers for *Trans;*—

That we trust to Peel, Eldon, and other such sages,
For keeping us still in the same state of mind;
Pretty much as the world us'd to be in those ages,
When still smaller syllables madden'd mankind;—

When the words *ex* and *per*† serv'd as well, to annoy
One's neighbours and friends with, as *con* and *trans* now;

* Consubstantiation — the true Reformed belief; at least, the belief of Luther, and, as Mosheim asserts, of Melancthon also.

† When John of Ragusa went to Constantinople (at the time this dispute between "ex" and "per" was going on), he found the Turks, we are told, "laughing at the Christians for being divided by two such insignificant particles."

And Christians, like S—th—y, who stickled for *oi*,
Cut the throats of all Christians who stickled for
ou.*

That, relying on England, whose kindness already
So often has help'd us to play this game o'er,
We have got our red coats and our carabines ready,
And wait but the word to show sport, as before.

That, as to the expense—the few millions, or so,
Which for all such diversions John Bull has to
pay—
'Tis, at least, a great comfort to John Bull to know,
That to Orangemen's pockets 'twill all find its
way.
For which your petitioners ever will pray,

&c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

* The Arian controversy.—Before that time, says Hooker, "in order to be a sound believing Christian, men were not curious what syllables or particles of speech they used."

COTTON AND CORN.

A DIALOGUE.

SAID Cotton to Corn, t'other day,
As they met and exchang'd a salute—
(Squire Corn in his carriage so gay,
Poor Cotton, half famish'd, on foot):

"Great Squire, if it isn't uncivil
"To hint at starvation before you,
"Look down on a poor hungry devil,
"And give him some bread, I implore you!"

Quoth Corn then, in answer to Cotton,
Perceiving he meant to make *free*—
"Low fellow, you've surely forgotten
"The distance between you and me!

"To expect that we, Peers of high birth,
"Should waste our illustrious acres,

" For no other purpose on earth
" Than to fatten curst calico-makers!—

" That Bishops to bobbins should bend—
" Should stoop from their Bench's sublimity,
" Great dealers in *lawn*, to befriend
" Such contemptible dealers in dimity!

" No—vile Manufacture! ne'er harbour
" A hope to be fed at our boards;—
" Base offspring of Arkwright the barber,
" What claim canst *thou* have upon Lords?

" No—thanks to the taxes and debt,
" And the triumph of paper o'er guineas,
" Our race of Lord Jemmys, as yet,
" May defy your whole rabble of *Jennys!*"

So saying—whip, crack, and away
Went Corn in his chaise through the throng,
So headlong, I heard them all say,
" Squire Corn would be *down*, before long."

THE CANONIZATION OF SAINT B—TT—RW—RTH.

"A Christian of the best edition." RABELAIS.

CANONIZE him!—yea, verily, we'll canonize him;
Though Cant is his hobby, and meddling his bliss,
Though sages may pity, and wits may despise him,
He'll ne'er make a bit the worse Saint for all this.

Descend, all ye Spirits, that ever yet spread
The dominion of Humbug o'er land and o'er sea,
Descend on our B—tt—rw—rth's biblical head,
Thrice-Great, Bibliopolist, Saint, and M. P.

Come, shade of Joanna, come down from thy sphere,
And bring little Shiloh—if 'tisn't too far—
Such a sight will to B—tt—rw—rth's bosom be dear,
His conceptions and *thine* being much on a par.

Nor blush, Saint Joanna, once more to behold
A world thou hast honour'd by cheating so many;
Thou'lt find still among us one Personage old,
Who also by tricks and the *Seals** makes a penny.

Thou, too, of the Shakers, divine Mother Lee!†
Thy smiles to beatified B—tt—rw—rth deign;
Two "lights of the Gentiles" are thou, Anne, and he,
One hallowing Fleet Street, and *t'other* Toad Lane!‡

The Heathen, we know, made their Gods out of wood,
And Saints may be fram'd of as handy materials;—

* A great part of the income of Joanna Southcott arose from the Seals of the Lord's protection which she sold to her followers.

† Mrs. Anne Lee, the "chosen vessel" of the Shakers, and "Mother of all the children of regeneration."

‡ Toad Lane, in Manchester, where Mother Lee was born. In her "Address to Young Believers," she says, that "it is a matter of no importance with them from whence the means of their deliverance come, whether from a stable in Bethlehem, or from Toad Lane, Manchester."

Old women and B—tt—rw—rths make just as good
As any the Pope ever *book'd* as Ethereals.

Stand forth, Man of Bibles! — not Mahomet's pigeon,
When, perch'd on the Koran, he dropp'd there, they say,
Strong marks of his faith, ever shed o'er religion
Such glory as B—tt—rw—rth sheds every day.

Great Galen of souls, with what vigour he crams
Down Erin's idolatrous throats, till they crack again,
Bolus on bolus, good man!—and then damns
Both their stomachs and souls, if they dare cast them back again.

How well might his shop—as a type representing
The creed of himself and his sanctified clan—
On its counter exhibit "the Art of Tormenting,"
Bound neatly, and letter'd "Whole Duty of Man!"

Canonize him!—by Judas, we *will* canonize him;
For Cant is his hobby, and twaddling his bliss;

And, though wise men may pity and wits may de-
spise him,
He'll make but the better *shop*-saint for all this.

Call quickly together the whole tribe of Canters,
Convoke all the *serious* Tag-rag of the nation;
Bring Shakers and Snufflers and Jumpers and
Ranters,
To witness their B—tt—rw—rth's Canonization!

Yea, humbly I've ventur'd his merits to paint,
Yea, feebly have tried all his gifts to portray;
And they form a sum-total for making a Saint,
That the Devil's own Advocate could not gain-
say.

Jump high, all ye Jumpers, ye Ranters all roar,
While B—tt—rw—rth's spirit, uprais'd from your
eyes,
Like a kite made of foolscap, in glory shall soar,
With a long tail of rubbish behind, to the skies!

AN INCANTATION.

SUNG BY THE BUBBLE SPIRIT.

Air. — *Come with me, and we will go*
Where the rocks of coral grow.

Come with me, and we will blow
Lots of bubbles, as we go;
Bubbles, bright as ever Hope
Drew from fancy — or from soap;
Bright as e'er the South Sea sent
From its frothy element!
Come with me, and we will blow
Lots of bubbles, as we go.
Mix the lather, Johnny W—lks,
Thou, who rhym'st so well to bilks*;
Mix the lather — who can be
Fitter for such task than thee,
Great M. P. for *Suds*bury!

* Strong indications of character may be sometimes traced in the rhymes to names. Marvell thought so, when he wrote

"Sir Edward Sutton,
The foolish Knight who rhymes to mutton."

Now the frothy charm is ripe,
Puffing Peter*, bring thy pipe,—
Thou, whom ancient Coventry
Once so dearly lov'd, that she
Knew not which to her was sweeter,
Peeping Tom or Puffing Peter;—
Puff the bubbles high in air,
Puff thy best to keep them there.

Bravo, bravo, Peter M—re!
Now the rainbow humbugs† soar,
Glittering all with golden hues,
Such as haunt the dreams of Jews;—
Some, reflecting mines that lie
Under Chili's glowing sky,
Some, those virgin pearls that sleep
Cloister'd in the southern deep;
Others, as if lent a ray
From the streaming Milky Way,
Glistening o'er with curds and whey
From the cows of Alderney.

* The Member, during a long period, for Coventry.

† An humble imitation of one of our modern poets, who, in a poem against War, after describing the splendid habiliments of the soldier, thus apostrophizes him—"thou rainbow ruffian!"

Now's the moment—who shall first
Catch the bubbles, ere they burst?
Run, ye Squires, ye Viscounts, run,
Br—gd—n, T—ynh—m, P—lm—t—n;—
John W—lks junior runs beside ye!
Take the good the knaves provide ye!*
See, with upturn'd eyes and hands,
Where the *Share*man†, Br—gd—n, stands,
Gaping for the froth to fall
Down his gullet—*lye* and all.
See!——

But, hark, my time is out—
Now, like some great water-spout,
Scatter'd by the cannon's thunder,
Burst, ye bubbles, all asunder!

[*Here the stage darkens—a discordant crash is heard from the orchestra—the broken bubbles descend in a saponaceous but uncleanly mist over the heads of the Dramatis Personæ, and the scene drops, leaving the bubble-hunters——all in the suds.*]

* "Lovely Thais sits beside thee:
Take the good the Gods provide thee."

† So called by a sort of Tuscan dulcification of the *ch*, in the word "Chairman."

A DREAM OF TURTLE.

BY SIR W. CURTIS.

1826.

'Twas evening time, in the twilight sweet
I sail'd along, when—whom should I meet
But a Turtle journeying o'er the sea,
"On the service of his Majesty."*

When spying him first through twilight dim,
I didn't know what to make of him;
But said to myself, as slow he plied
His fins, and roll'd from side to side
Conceitedly o'er the watery path—
"'Tis my Lord of St—w—ll taking a bath,
"And I hear him now, among the fishes,
"Quoting Vatel and Burgersdicius!"

* We are told that the passport of this grand diplomatic Turtle (sent by the Secretary for Foreign Affairs to a certain noble envoy) described him as "on his majesty's service."

—— dapibus supremi
Grata testudo Jovis.

But, no—'twas, indeed, a Turtle, wide
And plump as ever these eyes descried;
A Turtle, juicy as ever yet
Glu'd up the lips of a Baronet!
And much did it grieve my soul to see
That an animal of such dignity,
Like an absentee abroad should roam,
When he *ought* to stay and be ate at home.

But now "a change came o'er my dream,"
Like the magic lantern's shifting slider;—
I look'd, and saw, by the evening beam,
On the back of that Turtle sat a rider—
A goodly man, with an eye so merry,
I knew 'twas our Foreign Secretary *,
Who there, at his ease, did sit and smile,
Like Waterton on his crocodile †;
Cracking such jokes, at every motion,
As made the Turtle squeak with glee,
And own they gave him a lively notion
Of what his *forc'd*-meat balls would be.

* Mr. Canning.

† *Wanderings in South America.* "It was the first and last time (says Mr. Waterton) I was ever on a crocodile's back."

So, on the Sec. in his glory went,
Over that briny element,
Waving his hand, as he took farewell,
With graceful air, and bidding me tell
Inquiring friends that the Turtle and he
Were gone on a foreign embassy —
To soften the heart of a *Diplomate*,
Who is known to doat upon verdant fat,
And to let admiring Europe see,
That *calipash* and *calipee*
Are the English forms of Diplomacy.

THE DONKY AND HIS PANNIERS.

A FABLE.

——— " fessus jam sudat asellus,
" Parce illi; vestrum delicium est asinus." VIRGIL. *Copa.*

A DONKY, whose talent for burdens was wond'rous,
So much that you'd swear he rejoic'd in a load,
One day had to jog under panniers so pond'rous,
That—down the poor Donky fell smack on the road!

His owners and drivers stood round in amaze—
What! Neddy, the patient, the prosperous Neddy,
So easy to drive, through the dirtiest ways,
For every description of job-work so ready!

One driver (whom Ned might have "hail'd" as a "brother"*)
Had just been proclaiming his Donky's renown

* Alluding to an early poem of Mr. Coleridge's, addressed to an Ass, and beginning, "I hail thee, brother!"

For vigour, for spirit, for one thing or other—
When, lo, 'mid his praises, the Donky came down!

But, how to upraise him?—*one* shouts, *t'other* whistles,
While Jenky, the Conjurer, wisest of all,
Declared that an "over-production of thistles—*
(Here Ned gave a stare)—was the cause of his fall."

Another wise Solomon cries, as he passes—
"There, let him alone, and the fit will soon cease;
"The beast has been fighting with other jack-asses,
"And this is his mode of '*transition to peace.*'"

Some look'd at his hoofs, and, with learned grimaces,
Pronounc'd that too long without shoes he had gone—
"Let the blacksmith provide him a *sound metal basis*
(The wise-acres said), "and he's sure to jog on."

* A certain country gentleman having said in the House, "that we must return at last to the food of our ancestors," somebody asked Mr. T. "what food the gentleman meant?" —"Thistles, I suppose," answered Mr. T.

Meanwhile, the poor Neddy, in torture and fear,
Lay under his panniers, scarce able to groan;
And—what was still dolefuller—lending an ear
To advisers, whose ears were a match for his own.

At length, a plain rustic, whose wit went so far
As to see others' folly, roar'd out, as he pass'd—
"Quick—off with the panniers, all dolts as ye are,
"Or your prosperous Neddy will soon kick his last!"

October, 1826.

ODE TO THE SUBLIME PORTE.

1826.

GREAT Sultan, how wise are thy state compositions!
And oh, above all, I admire that Decree,
In which thou command'st, that all *she* politicians
Shall forthwith be strangled and cast in the sea.

'Tis my fortune to know a lean Benthamite spinster—
A maid, who her faith in old Jeremy puts;
Who talks, with a lisp, of "the last new West*minster*,"
And hopes you're delighted with "Mill upon Gluts;"

Who tells you how clever one Mr. Fun-blank is,
How charming his Articles 'gainst the Nobility;—
And assures you that even a gentleman's rank is,
In Jeremy's school, of no sort of *utility*.

To see her, ye Gods, a new Number perusing—
ART. 1.—"On the *Needle*'s variations," by Pl—e*;

* A celebrated political tailor.

ART. 2.—By her fav'rite Fun-blank*—"so amusing!
"Dear man! he makes Poetry quite a *Law* case."

ART. 3.—"Upon Fallacies," Jeremy's own—
(Chief Fallacy being, his hope to find readers);—
ART. 4.—"Upon Honesty," author unknown;—
ART. 5.—(by the young Mr. M——) "Hints to Breeders."

Oh, Sultan, oh, Sultan, though oft for the bag
And the bowstring, like thee, I am tempted to call—
Though drowning's too good for each blue-stocking hag,
I would bag this *she* Benthamite first of them all!

And, lest she should ever again lift her head
From the watery bottom, her clack to renew—
As a clog, as a sinker, far better than lead,
I would hang round her neck her own darling Review.

* This pains-taking gentleman has been at the trouble of counting, with the assistance of Cocker, the number of metaphors in Moore's "Life of Sheridan," and has found them to amount, as nearly as possible, to 2235—and some *fractions*.

CORN AND CATHOLICS.

Utrum horum
Dirius *borum?* *Incerti Auctoris.*

WHAT! *still* those two infernal questions,
That with our meals, our slumbers mix—
That spoil our tempers and digestions—
Eternal Corn and Catholics!

Gods! were there ever two such bores?
Nothing else talk'd of night or morn—
Nothing *in* doors, or *out* of doors,
But endless Catholics and Corn!

Never was such a brace of pests—
While Ministers, still worse than either,
Skill'd but in feathering their nests,
Plague us with both, and settle neither.

So addled in my cranium meet
Popery and Corn, that oft I doubt,

Whether, this year, 'twas bonded Wheat,
Or bonded Papists, they let out.

Here, landlords, *here*, polemics nail you,
Arm'd with all rubbish they can rake up;
Prices and *Texts* at once assail you—
From Daniel *these*, and *those* from Jacob.*

And when you sleep, with head still torn
Between the two, their shapes you mix,
Till sometimes Catholics seem Corn—
Then Corn again seems Catholics.

Now, Dantsic wheat before you floats—
Now, Jesuits from California—
Now Ceres, link'd with Titus *Oats*,
Comes dancing through the "Porta *Corn*ea."†

Oft, too, the Corn grows animate,
And a whole crop of heads appears,

* Author of the late Report on Foreign Corn.

† The Horn Gate, through which the ancients supposed all true dreams (such as those of the Popish Plot, &c.) to pass.

Like Papists, *bearding* Church and State—
Themselves, together *by the ears!*

In short, these torments never cease;
And oft I wish myself transferr'd off
To some far, lonely land of peace,
Where Corn or Papists ne'er were heard of.

Yes, waft me, Parry, to the Pole;
For—if my fate is to be chosen
'Twixt bores and icebergs—on my soul,
I'd rather, of the two, be frozen!

A CASE OF LIBEL.

"The greater the truth, the worse the libel."

A CERTAIN Sprite, who dwells below,
('Twere a libel, perhaps, to mention where,)
Came up *incog.*, some years ago,
To try, for a change, the London air.

So well he look'd, and dress'd, and talk'd,
And hid his tail and horns so handy,
You'd hardly have known him as he walk'd,
From C——e, or any other Dandy.

(His horns, it seems, are made t'unscrew;
So, he has but to take them out of the socket,
And—just as some fine husbands do—
Conveniently clap them into his pocket.)

In short, he look'd extremely natty,
And ev'n contriv'd—to his own great wonder—
By dint of sundry scents from Gattie,
To keep the sulphurous *hogo* under.

And so my gentleman hoof'd about,
Unknown to all but a chosen few
At White's and Crockford's, where, no doubt,
He had many *post-obits* falling due.

Alike a gamester and a wit,
At night he was seen with Crockford's crew,
At morn with learned dames would sit—
So pass'd his time 'twixt *black* and *blue*.

Some wish'd to make him an M. P.,
But, finding W—lks was also one, he
Swore, in a rage, "he'd be d—d, if he
"Would ever sit in one house with Johnny."

At length, as secrets travel fast,
And devils, whether he or she,
Are sure to be found out at last,
The affair got wind most rapidly.

The Press, the impartial Press, that snubs
Alike a fiend's or an angel's capers—
Miss Paton's soon as Beelzebub's—
Fir'd off a squib in the morning papers:

" We warn good men to keep aloof
" From a grim old Dandy, seen about,
" With a fire-proof wig, and a cloven hoof
" Through a neat-cut Hoby smoking out."

Now, — the Devil being a gentleman,
Who piques himself on well-bred dealings, —
You may guess, when o'er these lines he ran,
How much they hurt and shock'd his feelings.

Away he posts to a Man of Law,
And 'twould make you laugh could you have seen 'em,
As paw shook hand, and hand shook paw,
And 'twas " hail, good fellow, well met," between 'em.

Straight an indictment was preferr'd —
And much the Devil enjoy'd the jest,
When, asking about the Bench, he heard
That, of all the Judges, his own was *Best*.*

* A celebrated Judge, so named.

In vain Defendant proffer'd proof
That Plaintiff's self was the Father of Evil—
Brought Hoby forth, to swear to the hoof,
And Stultz to speak to the tail of the Devil.

The Jury (saints, all snug and rich,
And readers of virtuous Sunday papers)
Found for the Plaintiff—on hearing which
The Devil gave one of his loftiest capers.

For oh, 'twas nuts to the Father of Lies
(As this wily fiend is nam'd in the Bible)
To find it settled by laws so wise,
That the greater the truth, the worse the libel!

LITERARY ADVERTISEMENT.

WANTED — Authors of all-work, to job for the season,
No matter which party, so faithful to neither;
Good hacks, who, if pos'd for a rhyme or a reason,
Can manage, like ******, to do without either.

If in gaol, all the better for out-o'-door topics;
Your gaol is for Trav'llers a charming retreat;
They can take a day's rule for a trip to the Tropics,
And sail round the world, at their ease, in the Fleet.

For a Dramatist, too, the most useful of schools —
He can study high life in the King's Bench community;
Aristotle could scarce keep him more *within rules*,
And of *place* he, at least, must adhere to the *unity*.

Any lady or gentleman, come to an age
To have good "Reminiscences" (three-score or higher),

Will meet with encouragement—so much, *per* page,
And the spelling and grammar both found by the buyer.

No matter with *what* their remembrance is stock'd,
So they'll only remember the *quantum* desir'd;—
Enough to fill handsomely Two Volumes, *oct.*,
Price twenty-four shillings, is all that's requir'd.

They may treat us, like Kelly, with old *jeu-d'esprits*,
Like Dibdin, may tell of each farcical frolic;
Or kindly inform us, like Madame Genlis*,
That gingerbread-cakes always give them the colic.

Wanted, also, a new stock of Pamphlets on Corn,
By "Farmers" and "Landholders"—(worthies whose lands
Enclos'd all in bow-pots, their attics adorn,
Or, whose share of the soil may be seen on their hands).

* This lady also favours us, in her Memoirs, with the address of those apothecaries, who have, from time to time, given her pills that agreed with her; always desiring that the pills should be ordered "*comme pour elle.*"

No-Popery Sermons, in ever so dull a vein,
Sure of a market;—should they, too, who pen 'em,
Be renegade Papists, like Murtagh O'S—ll—v—n*,
Something *extra* allow'd for the' additional venom

Funds, Physic, Corn, Poetry, Boxing, Romance,
All excellent subjects for turning a penny;—
To write upon *all* is an author's sole chance
For attaining, at last, the least knowledge of *any*.

Nine times out of ten, if his *title* is good,
The material *within* of small consequence is;—
Let him only write fine, and, if not understood,
Why—that's the concern of the reader, not his.

Nota Bene—an Essay, now printing, to show,
That Horace (as clearly as words could express it)
Was for taxing the Fund-holders, ages ago,
When he wrote thus—"Quodcunque *in Fund is, assess it.*"†

* A gentleman, who distinguished himself by his evidence before the Irish Committees.

† According to the common reading, "quodcunque infundis, acescit."

THE IRISH SLAVE.*

1827.

I HEARD, as I lay, a wailing sound,
"He is dead—he is dead," the rumour flew;
And I rais'd my chain, and turn'd me round,
And ask'd, through the dungeon-window, "Who?"

I saw my livid tormentors pass;
Their grief 'twas bliss to hear and see!
For, never came joy to them, alas,
That didn't bring deadly bane to me.

Eager I look'd through the mist of night,
And ask'd, "What foe of my race hath died?
"Is it he—that Doubter of law and right,
"Whom nothing but wrong could e'er decide—

"Who, long as he sees but wealth to win,
"Hath never yet felt a qualm or doubt

* Written on the death of the Duke of York.

" What suitors for justice he'd keep in,
" Or what suitors for freedom he'd shut out—

" Who, a clog for ever on Truth's advance,
" Hangs round her (like the Old Man of the Sea
" Round Sinbad's neck*), nor leaves a chance
" Of shaking him off—is't he? is't he?"

Ghastly my grim tormentors smil'd,
And thrusting me back to my den of woe,
With a laughter even more fierce and wild
Than their funeral howling, answer'd " No."

But the cry still pierc'd my prison-gate,
And again I ask'd, " What scourge is gone?
" Is it he—that Chief, so coldly great,
" Whom Fame unwillingly shines upon—

" Whose name is one of the' ill-omen'd words
" They link with hate, on his native plains;

* " You fell, said they, into the hands of the Old Man of the Sea, and are the first who ever escaped strangling by his malicious tricks."— *Story of Sinbad.*

"And why?—they lent him hearts and swords,
"And he, in return, gave scoffs and chains!

"Is it he? is it he?" I loud inquir'd,
When, hark!—there sounded a Royal knell;
And I knew what spirit had just expir'd,
And, slave as I was, my triumph fell.

He had pledg'd a hate unto me and mine,
He had left to the future nor hope nor choice,
But seal'd that hate with a Name Divine,
And he now was dead, and—I *couldn't* rejoice!

He had fann'd afresh the burning brands
Of a bigotry waxing cold and dim;
He had arm'd anew my torturers' hands,
And *them* did I curse—but sigh'd for him.

For, *his* was the error of head, not heart;
And—oh, how beyond the ambush'd foe,
Who to enmity adds the traitor's part,
And carries a smile, with a curse below!

If ever a heart made bright amends
For the fatal fault of an erring head—

Go, learn *his* fame from the lips of friends,
In the orphan's tear be his glory read.

A Prince without pride, a man without guile,
To the last unchanging, warm, sincere,
For Worth he had ever a hand and smile,
And for Misery ever his purse and tear.

Touch'd to the heart by that solemn toll,
I calmly sunk in my chains again;
While, still as I said "Heaven rest his soul!"
My mates of the dungeon sigh'd "Amen!"

January, 1827.

ODE TO FERDINAND.

1827.

QUIT the sword, thou King of men,
Grasp the needle once again;
Making petticoats is far
Safer sport than making war;
Trimming is a better thing,
Than the *being* trimm'd, oh King!
Grasp the needle bright with which
Thou didst for the Virgin stitch
Garment, such as ne'er before
Monarch stitch'd or Virgin wore.
Not for her, oh semster nimble!
Do I now invoke thy thimble;
Not for her thy wanted aid is,
But for certain grave old ladies,
Who now sit in England's cabinet,
Waiting to be clothed in tabinet,
Or whatever choice *étoffe* is
Fit for Dowagers in office.

First, thy care, oh King, devote
To Dame Eld—n's petticoat.
Make it of that silk, whose dye
Shifts for ever to the eye,
Just as if it hardly knew
Whether to be pink or blue.
Or—material fitter yet—
If thou could'st a remnant get
Of that stuff, with which, of old,
Sage Penelope, we're told,
Still by doing and undoing,
Kept her *suitors* always wooing—
That's the stuff which I pronounce, is
Fittest for Dame Eld—n's flounces.

After this, we'll try thy hand,
Mantua-making Ferdinand,
For old Goody W—stm—l—d;
One who loves, like Mother Cole,
Church and State with all her soul;
And has pass'd her life in frolics
Worthy of your Apostolics.
Choose, in dressing this old flirt,
Something that wo'n't show the dirt,

As, from habit, every minute
Goody W—stm—l—d is in it.

This is all I now shall ask,
Hie thee, monarch, to thy task;
Finish Eld—n's frills and borders,
Then return for further orders.
Oh what progress for our sake,
Kings in millinery make!
Ribands, garters, and such things,
Are supplied by *other* Kings—
Ferdinand his rank denotes
By providing petticoats.

HAT VERSUS WIG.

1827.

"At the interment of the Duke of York, Lord Eld—n, in order to guard against the effects of the damp, stood upon his hat during the whole of the ceremony."

—— metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari.

'Twixt Eld—n's Hat and Eld—n's Wig
There lately rose an altercation,—
Each with its own importance big,
Disputing *which* most serves the nation.

Quoth Wig, with consequential air,
"Pooh! pooh! you surely can't design,
"My worthy beaver, to compare
"Your station in the state with mine.

"Who meets the learned legal crew?
"Who fronts the lordly Senate's pride?
"The Wig, the Wig, my friend—while you
"Hang dangling on some peg outside.

"Oh, 'tis the Wig, that rules, like Love,
"Senate and Court, with like *éclat*—

" And wards below, and lords above,
" For Law is Wig and Wig is Law! *

" Who tried the long, *Long* W—LL—SL—Y suit,
" Which tried one's patience, in return?
" Not thou, oh Hat!—though, *could'st* thou do't,
" Of other *brims* † than thine thou'dst learn.

" 'Twas mine our master's toil to share;
" When, like 'Truepenny,' in the play ‡,
" He, every minute, cried out 'Swear,'
" And merrily to swear went they §;—

" When, loth poor W—LL—SL—Y to condemn, he
" With nice discrimination weigh'd,
" Whether 'twas only 'Hell and Jemmy,'
" Or 'Hell and Tommy' that he play'd.

* " Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below and gods above,
For Love is Heav'n and Heav'n is Love."— SCOTT.

† " *Brim*—a naughty woman."— GROSE.

‡ " *Ghost* [beneath]. — Swear!
" *Hamlet.* — Ha, ha! say'st thou so? Art thou there, Truepenny? Come on."

§ His Lordship's demand for fresh affidavits was incessant.

" No, no, my worthy beaver, no—
" Though cheapen'd at the cheapest hatter's,
" And smart enough, as beavers go,
" Thou ne'er wert made for public matters."

Here Wig concluded his oration,
Looking, as wigs do, wondrous wise;
While thus, full cock'd for declamation,
The veteran Hat enrag'd replies:—

" Ha! dost thou then so soon forget
" What thou, what England owes to me?
" Ungrateful Wig!—when will a debt,
" So deep, so vast, be owed to thee?

" Think of that night, that fearful night,
" When, through the steaming vault below,
" Our master dar'd, in gout's despite,
" To venture his podagric toe!

" Who was it then, thou boaster, say,
" When thou had'st to thy box sneak'd off,
" Beneath his feet protecting lay,
" And sav'd him from a mortal cough?

" Think, if Catarrh had quench'd that sun,
" How blank this world had been to thee!
" Without that head to shine upon,
" Oh Wig, where would thy glory be?

" You, too, ye Britons,—had this hope
" Of Church and state been ravish'd from ye,
" Oh think, how Canning and the Pope
" Would then have play'd up 'Hell and Tom-
my!'

" At sea, there's but a plank, they say,
" 'Twixt seamen and annihilation;
" A Hat, that awful moment, lay
" 'Twixt England and Emancipation!

" Oh!!!——"

At this " Oh!!!" *The Times'* Re-
porter
Was taken poorly, and retir'd;
Which made him cut Hat's rhetoric shorter,
Than justice to the case requir'd.

On his return, he found these shocks
Of eloquence all ended quite;
And Wig lay snoring in his box.
And Hat was—hung up for the night.

THE PERIWINKLES AND THE LOCUSTS.

A SALMAGUNDIAN HYMN.

"To Panurge was assigned the Lairdship of Salmagundi, which was yearly worth 6,789,106,789 ryals, besides the revenue of the *Locusts* and *Periwinkles*, amounting one year with another to the value of 2,435,768," &c. &c. — RABELAIS.

"HURRA! hurra!" I heard them say,
And they cheer'd and shouted all the way,
As the Laird of Salmagundi went,
To open in state his Parliament.

The Salmagundians once were rich,
Or *thought* they were — no matter which —
For, every year, the Revenue*
From their Periwinkles larger grew;
And their rulers, skill'd in all the trick
And legerdemain of arithmetic,

* Accented as in Swift's line —

"Not so a nation's revenues are paid."

Knew how to place 1, 2, 3, 4,
5, 6, 7, 8, and 9 and 10,
Such various ways, behind, before,
That they made a unit seem a score,
And prov'd themselves most wealthy men!
So, on they went, a prosperous crew,
The people wise, the rulers clever—
And God help those, like me and you,
Who dar'd to doubt (as some now do)
That the Periwinkle Revenue
Would thus go flourishing on for ever.

"Hurra! hurra!" I heard them say,
And they cheer'd and shouted all the way,
As the Great Panurge in glory went
To open his own dear Parliament.

But folks at length began to doubt
What all this conjuring was about;
For, every day, more deep in debt
They saw their wealthy rulers get:—
"Let's look (said they) the items through,
"And see if what we're told be true
"Of our Periwinkle Revenue."

But, lord! they found there wasn't a tittle
Of truth in aught they heard before;
For, they gain'd by Periwinkles little,
And lost by Locusts ten times more!
These Locusts are a lordly breed
Some Salmagundians love to feed.
Of all the beasts that ever were born,
Your Locust most delights in *corn*;
And, though his body be but small,
To fatten him takes the dev'l and all!
"Oh fie! oh fie!" was now the cry,
As they saw the gaudy show go by,
And the Laird of Salmagundi went
To open his Locust Parliament!

NEW CREATION OF PEERS.

BATCH THE FIRST.

"His 'prentice han'
He tried on man,
And then he made the lasses."

1827.

"And now," quoth the Minister, (eas'd of his panics,
And ripe for each pastime the summer affords,)
"Having had our full swing at destroying mechanics,
"By way of *set-off*, let us make a few Lords.

"'Tis pleasant—while nothing but mercantile fractures,
"Some simple, some *compound*, is dinn'd in our ears—
"To think that, though robb'd of all coarse manufactures,
"We still have our fine manufacture of Peers;—

"Those *Gobelin* productions, which Kings take a pride
"In engrossing the whole fabrication and trade of;

"Choice tapestry things, very grand on *one* side,
"But showing, on t'other, what rags they are made of."

The plan being fix'd, raw material was sought,—
No matter how middling, if Tory the creed be;
And first, to begin with, Squire W———, 'twas thought,
For a Lord was as raw a material as need be.

Next came, with his *penchant* for painting and pelf,
The tasteful Sir Charles *, so renown'd, far and near,
For purchasing pictures, and selling himself—
And *both* (as the public well knows) very dear.

Beside him Sir John comes, with equal *éclat*, in;—
Stand forth, chosen pair, while for titles we measure ye;
Both connoisseur baronets, both fond of *drawing*,
Sir John, after nature, Sir Charles, on the Treasury.

* Created Lord F—rnb—gh.

But, bless us!—behold a new candidate come—
In his hand he upholds a prescription, new written;
He poiseth a pill-box 'twixt finger and thumb,
And he asketh a seat 'mong the Peers of Great Britain!!

"Forbid it," cried Jenky, "ye Viscounts, ye Earls!—
"Oh Rank, how thy glories would fall disenchanted,
"If coronets glisten'd with pills 'stead of pearls,
"And the strawberry-leaves were by rhubarb supplanted!

"No— ask it not, ask it not, dear Doctor H—lf—rd—
"If nought but a Peerage can gladden thy life,
"And young Master H—lf—rd as yet is too small for't,
"Sweet Doctor, we'll make a *she* Peer of thy wife.

"Next to bearing a coronet on our *own* brows,
"Is to bask in its light from the brows of another;

" And grandeur o'er thee shall reflect from thy spouse,
" As o'er V—y F—tz—d 'twill shine through his
mother." *

Thus ended the *First* Batch—and Jenky, much tir'd
(It being no joke to make Lords by the heap),
Took a large dram of ether—the same that inspir'd
His speech 'gainst the Papists—and pros'd off to
sleep.

* Among the persons mentioned as likely to be raised to the Peerage are the mother of Mr. V—y F—tz—d, &c.

SPEECH ON THE UMBRELLA* QUESTION.

BY LORD ELD—N.

" Vos *inumbrelles* video." †—*Ex Juvenil.* GEORGII CANNINGII.

1827.

My Lords, I'm accus'd of a trick that, God knows, is
The last into which, at my age, I could fall—
Of leading this grave House of Peers, by their noses,
Wherever I choose, princes, bishops, and all.

My Lords, on the question before us at present,
No doubt I shall hear, "'Tis that cursed old fellow,

* A case which interested the public very much at this period. A gentleman, of the name of Bell, having left his umbrella behind him in the House of Lords, the doorkeepers (standing, no doubt, on the privileges of that noble body) refused to restore it to him; and the above speech, which may be considered as a *pendant* to that of the Learned Earl on the Catholic Question, arose out of the transaction.

† From Mr. Canning's translation of Jekyl's—

" I say, my good fellows,
As you've no umbrellas."

"That bugbear of all that is lib'ral and pleasant,
"Who wo'n't let the Lords give the man his umbrella!"

God forbid that your Lordships should knuckle to me;
I am ancient—but were I as old as King Priam,
Not much, I confess, to your credit 'twould be,
To mind such a twaddling old Trojan as I am.

I own, of our Protestant laws I am jealous.
And, long as God spares me, will always maintain,
That, *once* having taken men's rights, or umbrellas,
We ne'er should consent to restore them again.

What security have you, ye Bishops and Peers,
If thus you give back Mr. Bell's parapluie,
That he mayn't, with its stick, come about all your ears,
And then—*where* would your Protestant periwigs be?

No, heav'n be my judge, were I dying to-day,
Ere I dropp'd in the grave, like a medlar that's mellow,
"For God's sake"—at that awful moment I'd say—
"For God's sake, *don't* give Mr. Bell his umbrella."

["This address," says a ministerial journal, "delivered with amazing emphasis and earnestness, occasioned an extraordinary sensation in the House. Nothing since the memorable address of the Duke of York has produced so remarkable an impression."]

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

BY JOHN BULL.

Dublin, March 12. 1827. — Friday, after the arrival of the packet bringing the account of the defeat of the Catholic Question, in the House of Commons, orders were sent to the Pigeon House to forward 5,000,000 rounds of musket-ball cartridge to the different garrisons round the country. — *Freeman's Journal.*

I HAVE found out a gift for my Erin,
A gift that will surely content her; —
Sweet pledge of a love so endearing!
Five millions of bullets I've sent her.

She ask'd me for Freedom and Right,
But ill she her wants understood; —
Ball cartridges, morning and night,
Is a dose that will do her more good.

There is hardly a day of our lives
But we read, in some amiable trials,
How husbands make love to their wives
Through the medium of hemp and of phials.

One thinks, with his mistress or mate
A good halter is sure to agree—
That love-knot which, early and late,
I have tried, my dear Erin, on thee.

While *another*, whom Hymen has bless'd
With a wife that is not over placid,
Consigns the dear charmer to rest,
With a dose of the best Prussic acid.

Thus, Erin! my love do I show—
Thus quiet thee, mate of my bed!
And, as poison and hemp are too slow,
Do thy business with bullets instead.

Should thy faith in my medicine be shaken,
Ask R—d—n, that mildest of saints;
He'll tell thee, lead, inwardly taken,
Alone can remove thy complaints;—

That, blest as thou art in thy lot,
Nothing's wanted to make it more pleasant
But being hang'd, tortur'd, and shot,
Much oft'ner than thou art at present.

Even W—ll—t—n's self hath averr'd
Thou art yet but half sabred and hung,
And I lov'd him the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from his tongue.

So take the five millions of pills,
Dear partner, I herewith inclose;
'Tis the cure that all quacks for thy ills,
From Cromwell to Eld—n, propose.

And you, ye brave bullets that go,
How I wish that, before you set out,
The *Devil* of the Freischutz could know
The good work you are going about.

For he'd charm ye, in spite of your lead,
Into such supernatural wit,
That you'd all of you know, as you sped,
Where a bullet of sense *ought* to hit.

A LATE SCENE AT SWANAGE.*

Regnis EX-sul ademtis. VIRG.

1827.

To Swanage—that neat little town, in whose bay
Fair Thetis shows off, in her best silver slippers—
Lord Bags† took his annual trip t'other day,
To taste the sea breezes, and chat with the dippers.

There—learn'd as he is in conundrums and laws—
Quoth he to his dame (whom he oft plays the wag on),
"Why are chancery suitors like bathers?"—"Because
Their *suits* are *put off*, till—they haven't a rag on."

Thus on he went chatting—but, lo, while he chats,
With a face full of wonder around him he looks;
For he misses his parsons, his dear shovel hats,
Who used to flock round him at Swanage like rooks.

* A small bathing-place on the coast of Dorsetshire, long a favourite summer resort of the ex-nobleman in question, and, *till this season*, much frequented also by gentlemen of the church.

† The Lord Chancellor Eld—n.

"How is this, Lady Bags?—to this region aquatic
"Last year they came swarming, to make me their bow,
"As thick as Burke's cloud o'er the vales of Carnatic,
"Deans, Rectors, D.D.'s—where the dev'l are they now?"

"My dearest Lord Bags!" saith his dame, "*can* you doubt?
"I am loth to remind you of things so unpleasant;
"But *don't* you perceive, dear, the Church have found out
"That you're one of the people call'd *Ex*'s, at present?"

"Ah, true—you have hit it—I *am*, indeed, one
"Of those ill-fated *Ex*'s (his Lordship replies),
"And, with tears, I confess—God forgive me the pun!—
"We X's have proved ourselves *not* to be Y's."

WO! WO!*

Wo, wo unto him who would check or disturb it—
That beautiful Light, which is now on its way;
Which, beaming, at first, o'er the bogs of Belturbet,
Now brightens sweet Ballinafad with its ray!

Oh F—rnh—m, Saint F—rnh—m, how much do we
owe thee!
How form'd to all tastes are thy various employs!
The old, as a catcher of Catholics, know thee,
The young, as an amateur scourger of boys.

Wo, wo to the man, who such doings would
smother!—
On, Luther of Cavan! On, Saint of Kilgroggy!
With whip in one hand, and with Bible in 'tother,
Like Mungo's tormentor, both "preachee and
floggee."

* Suggested by a speech of the Bishop of Ch—st—r on the subject of the New Reformation in Ireland, in which his Lordship denounced "Wo! Wo! Wo!" pretty abundantly on all those who dared to interfere with its progress.

Come, Saints from all quarters, and marshal his way;
Come, L—rt—n, who, scorning profane erudition,
Popp'd Shakspeare, they say, in the river, one day,
Though 'twas only old Bowdler's *Velluti* edition.

Come, R—den, who doubtest—so mild are thy views—
Whether Bibles or bullets are best for the nation;
Who leav'st to poor Paddy no medium to choose,
'Twixt good *old* Rebellion and *new* Reformation.

What more from her Saints can Hibernia require?
St. Bridget, of yore, like a dutiful daughter,
Supplied her, 'tis said, with perpetual fire*,
And Saints keep her, *now*, in eternal hot water.

Wo, wo to the man, who would check their career,
Or stop the Millennium, that's sure to await us,
When, bless'd with an orthodox crop every year,
We shall learn to raise Protestants, fast as potatoes.

* The inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare.

In kidnapping Papists, our rulers, we know,
Had been trying their talent for many a day;
Till F—rnh—m, when all had been tried, came to show,
Like the German flea-catcher, "anoder goot way."

And nothing's more simple than F—rnh—m's receipt;—
"Catch your Catholic, first—soak him well in *poteen**—
"Add *salary* sauce†, and the thing is complete.
"You may serve up your Protestant, smoking and clean."

"Wo, wo to the wag, who would laugh at such cookery!"
Thus, from his perch, did I hear a black crow‡
Caw angrily out, while the rest of the rookery
Open'd their bills, and re-echo'd "Wo! wo!"

* Whiskey.

† "We understand that several applications have lately been made to the Protestant clergymen of this town by fellows, inquiring 'What are they giving a head for converts?'" — *Wexford Post.*

‡ Of the rook species — *Corvus frugilegus*, i e. a great consumer of corn.

TOUT POUR LA TRIPE.

"If, in China or among the natives of India, we claimed civil advantages which were connected with religious usages, little as we might value those forms in our hearts, we should think common decency required us to abstain from treating them with offensive contumely; and, though unable to consider them sacred, we would not sneer at the name of *Fot*, or laugh at the imputed divinity of *Visthnou*." — *Courier, Tuesday, Jan.* 16.

1827.

COME, take my advice, never trouble your cranium,
When "civil advantages" are to be gain'd,
What god or what goddess may help to obtain you 'em,
Hindoo or Chinese, so they're only obtain'd.

In this world (let me hint in your organ auricular)
All the good things to good hypocrites fall;
And he, who in swallowing creeds is particular,
Soon will have nothing to swallow at all.

Oh place me where *Fo* (or, as some call him, *Fot*)
Is the god, from whom "civil advantages" flow,
And you'll find, if there's any thing snug to be got,
I shall soon be on excellent terms with old *Fo*.

Or were I where *Vishnu*, that four-handed god,
Is the quadruple giver of pensions and places,
I own I should feel it unchristian and odd
Not to find myself also in *Vishnu*'s good graces.

For, among all the gods that humanely attend
To our wants in this planet, the gods to *my* wishes
Are those that, like *Vishnu* and others, descend
In the form, so attractive, of loaves and of fishes! *

So take my advice—for, if even the devil
Should tempt men again as an idol to try him,
'Twere best for us Tories, even then, to be civil,
As nobody doubts we should get something by him.

* Vishnu was (as Sir W. Jones calls him) "a pisciform god," —his first Avatar being in the shape of a fish.

ENIGMA.

Monstrum nulla virtute *redemptum*.

COME, riddle-me-ree, come, riddle-me-ree,
And tell me what my name may be.
I am nearly one hundred and thirty years old,
And therefore no chicken, as you may suppose;—
Though a dwarf in my youth (as my nurses have told),
I have, ev'ry year since, been outgrowing my clothes;
Till, at last, such a corpulent giant I stand,
That, if folks were to furnish me now with a suit,
It would take ev'ry morsel of *scrip* in the land
But to measure my bulk from the head to the foot.
Hence, they who maintain me, grown sick of my stature,
To cover me nothing but *rags* will supply;
And the doctors declare that, in due course of nature,
About the year 30 in rags I shall die.

Meanwhile, I stalk hungry and bloated around,
An object of *int'rest*, most painful, to all;
In the warehouse, the cottage, the palace I'm found,
Holding citizen, peasant, and king in my thrall.
Then riddle-me-ree, oh riddle-me-ree,
Come, tell me what my name may be.

When the lord of the counting-house bends o'er his book,
Bright pictures of profit delighting to draw,
O'er his shoulders with large cipher eyeballs I look,
And down drops the pen from his paralyz'd paw!
When the Premier lies dreaming of dear Waterloo,
And expects through *another* to caper and prank it,
You'd laugh did you see, when I bellow out "Boo!"
How he hides his brave Waterloo head in the blanket.
When mighty Belshazzar brims high in the hall
His cup, full of gout, to the Gaul's overthrow,
Lo, "*Eight Hundred Millions*" I write on the wall,
And the cup falls to earth and—the gout to his toe!

But the joy of my heart is when largely I cram
My maw with the fruits of the Squirearchy's acres,
And, knowing who made me the thing that I am,
Like the monster of Frankenstein, worry my makers.
Then riddle-me-ree, come, riddle-me-ree,
And tell, if thou know'st, who *I* may be.

DOG-DAY REFLECTIONS.

BY A DANDY KEPT IN TOWN.

"Vox clamantis in deserto."

1827.

Said Malthus, one day, to a clown
Lying stretch'd on the beach, in the sun,—
"What's the number of souls in this town?"—
"The number! Lord bless you, there's none.

"We have nothing but *dabs* in this place,
"Of *them* a great plenty there are;—
"But the *soles*, please your rev'rence and grace,
"Are all t'other side of the bar."

And so 'tis in London just now,
Not a soul to be seen, up or down;—
Of *dabs* a great glut, I allow,
But your *soles*, every one, out of town.

East or west, nothing wond'rous or new;
No courtship or scandal, worth knowing;

Mrs. B——, and a Mermaid * or two,
Are the only loose fish that are going.

Ah, where is that dear house of Peers,
That, some weeks ago, kept us merry?
Where, Eld—n, art thou, with thy tears?
And thou, with thy sense, L—d—d—y?

Wise Marquis, how much the Lord May'r,
In the dog-days, with *thee* must be puzzled!—
It being his task to take care
That such animals shan't go unmuzzled.

Thou, too, whose political toils
Are so worthy a captain of horse—
Whose amendments† (like honest Sir Boyle's)
Are "*amendments*, that make matters *worse*;"‡

Great Chieftain, who takest such pains
To prove—what is granted, *nem. con.*—

* One of the shows of London.

† More particularly his Grace's celebrated amendment to the Corn Bill; for which, and the circumstances connected with it, see Annual Register for A. D. 1827.

‡ From a speech of Sir Boyle Roche's, in the Irish House of Commons.

With how mod'rate a portion of brains
Some heroes contrive to get on.

And, thou, too, my R—d—sd—e, ah, where
Is the peer, with a star at his button,
Whose *quarters* could ever compare
With R—d—sd—e's five quarters of mutton?*

Why, why have ye taken your flight,
Ye diverting and dignified crew?
How ill do three farces a night,
At the Haymarket, pay us for you!

For, what is Bombastes to thee,
My Ell—nbro', when thou look'st big?
Or, where's the burletta can be
Like L—d—rd—le's wit, and his wig?

I doubt if ev'n Griffinhoof† could
(Though Griffin's a comical lad)

* The learning his Lordship displayed, on the subject of the butcher's "fifth quarter" of mutton, will not speedily be forgotten.

† The *nom de guerre* under which Colman has written some of his best farces.

Invent any joke half so good
As that precious one, "This is too bad!"

Then come again, come again, Spring!
Oh haste thee, with Fun in thy train;
And—of all things the funniest—bring
These exalted Grimaldis again!

THE "LIVING DOG" AND "THE DEAD LION."

1828.

NEXT week will be publish'd (as "Lives" are the
rage)
The whole Reminiscences, wond'rous and strange,
Of a small puppy-dog, that liv'd once in the cage
Of the late noble Lion at Exeter 'Change.

Though the dog is a dog of the kind they call "sad,"
'Tis a puppy that much to good breeding pretends;
And few dogs have such opportunities had
Of knowing how Lions behave—among friends;

How that animal eats, how he snores, how he drinks,
Is all noted down by this Boswell so small;
And 'tis plain, from each sentence, the puppy-dog
thinks
That the Lion was no such great things after all.

Though he roar'd pretty well — this the puppy
allows —
It was all, he says, borrow'd — all second-hand
roar;
And he vastly prefers his own little bow-wows
To the loftiest war-note the Lion could pour.

'Tis, indeed, as good fun as a *Cynic* could ask,
To see how this cockney-bred setter of rabbits
Takes gravely the Lord of the Forest to task,
And judges of lions by puppy-dog habits.

Nay, fed as he was (and this makes it a dark case)
With sops every day from the Lion's own pan,
He lifts up his leg at the noble beast's carcass,
And — does all a dog, so diminutive, can.

However, the book's a good book, being rich in
Examples and warnings to lions high-bred,
How they suffer small mongrelly curs in their kitchen,
Who'll feed on them living, and foul them when
dead.

T. PIDCOCK.

Exeter 'Change.

ODE TO DON MIGUEL.

Et tu, *Brute!*

1828.*

WHAT! Miguel, *not* patriotic? oh, fy!
After so much good teaching 'tis quite a *take-in*,
Sir;—
First school'd, as you were, under Metternich's eye,
And then (as young misses say) "finish'd" at
Windsor!†

I ne'er in my life knew a case that was harder;—
Such feasts as you had, when you made us a call!
Three courses each day from his Majesty's larder,—
And now, to turn absolute Don, after all!!

* At the commencement of this year, the designs of Don Miguel and his partisans against the constitution established by his brother had begun more openly to declare themselves.

† Don Miguel had paid a visit to the English court, at the close of the year 1827.

Some authors, like Bayes, to the style and the matter
Of each thing they *write* suit the way that they *dine*,
Roast sirloin for Epic, broil'd devils for Satire,
And hotchpotch and *trifle* for rhymes such as mine.

That Rulers should feed the same way, I've no doubt;—
Great Despots on *bouilli* serv'd up *à la Russe**,
Your small German Princes on frogs and sour crout,
And your Vice-roy of Hanover always on *goose*.

Some Dons, too, have fancied (though this may be fable)
A dish rather dear, if, in cooking, they blunder it;—
Not content with the common *hot* meat *on* a table,
They're partial (eh, Mig?) to a dish of *cold under* it!†

* Dressed with a pint of the strongest spirits—a favourite dish of the Great Frederick of Prussia, and which he persevered in eating even on his death-bed, much to the horror of his physician Zimmerman.

† This quiet case of murder, with all its particulars — the hiding the body under the dinner-table, &c. &c. — is, no doubt, well known to the reader.

No wonder a Don of such appetites found
Even Windsor's collations plebeianly plain;
Where the dishes most *high* that my Lady sends round
Are her *Maintenon* cutlets and soup *à la Reine.*

Alas! that a youth with such charming beginnings,
Should sink, all at once, to so sad a conclusion,
And, what is still worse, throw the losings and winnings
Of worthies on 'Change into so much confusion!

The Bulls, in hysterics—the Bears just as bad—
The few men who *have,* and the many who've *not* tick,
All shock'd to find out that that promising lad,
Prince Metternich's pupil, is—*not* patriotic!

THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT OF IRELAND.

1828.

Oft have I seen, in gay, equestrian pride,
Some well-rouged youth round Astley's Circus ride
Two stately steeds — standing, with graceful straddle,
Like him of Rhodes, with foot on either saddle,
While to soft tunes — some jigs, and some *andantes* —
He steers around his light-paced Rosinantes.

So rides along, with canter smooth and pleasant,
That horseman bold, Lord Anglesea, at present; —
Papist and *Protestant* the coursers twain,
That lend their necks to his impartial rein,
And round the ring — each honour'd, as they go,
With equal pressure from his gracious toe —
To the old medley tune, half "Patrick's Day"
And half "Boyne Water," take their cantering way,
While Peel, the showman in the middle, cracks
His long-lash'd whip, to cheer the doubtful hacks.

Ah, ticklish trial of equestrian art!
How blest, if neither steed would bolt or start;—
If *Protestant*'s old restive tricks were gone,
And *Papist*'s winkers could be still kept on!
But no, false hopes—not ev'n the great Ducrow
'Twixt two such steeds could 'scape an overthrow:
If *solar* hacks play'd Phaëton a trick,
What hope, alas, from hackneys *lunatic?*

If once my Lord his graceful balance loses,
Or fails to keep each foot where each horse chooses;
If Peel but gives one *extra* touch of whip
To *Papist*'s tail or *Protestant*'s ear-tip—
That instant ends their glorious horsemanship!
Off bolt the sever'd steeds, for mischief free,
And down, between them, plumps Lord Anglesea!

THE LIMBO OF LOST REPUTATIONS.

A DREAM.

" Cio che si perde qui, là si raguna." ARIOSTO.

" —— a valley, where he sees
Things that on earth were lost." MILTON.

1828.

KNOW'ST thou not him* the poet sings,
Who flew to the moon's serene domain,
And saw that valley, where all the things,
That vanish on earth, are found again—
The hopes of youth, the resolves of age,
The vow of the lover, the dream of the sage,
The golden visions of mining cits,
The promises great men strew about them;
And, pack'd in compass small, the wits
Of monarchs, who rule as well without them!—
Like him, but diving with wing profound,
I have been to a Limbo under ground,

* Astolpho.

Where characters lost on earth, (and *cried*,
In vain, like H—rr—s's, far and wide,)
In heaps, like yesterday's orts, are thrown
And there, so worthless and fly-blown,
That even the imps would not purloin them,
Lie, till their worthy owners join them.

Curious it was to see this mass
Of lost and torn-up reputations ;—
Some of them female wares, alas,
Mislaid at *innocent* assignations ;
Some, that had sigh'd their last amen
From the canting lips of saints that would be ;
And some once own'd by "the best of men,"
Who had prov'd—no better than they should be.
'Mong others, a poet's fame I spied,
Once shining fair, now soak'd and black—
"No wonder" (an imp at my elbow cried),
"For I pick'd it out of a butt of sack!"

Just then a yell was heard o'er head,
Like a chimney-sweeper's lofty summons ;
And lo! a dev'l right downward sped,
Bringing, within his claws so red,

Two statesmen's characters, found, he said,
Last night, on the floor of the House of Commons;
The which, with black official grin,
He now to the Chief Imp handed in;—
Both these articles much the worse
For their journey down, as you may suppose;
But *one* so devilish rank—"Odd's curse!"
Said the Lord Chief Imp, and held his nose.

"Ho, ho!" quoth he, "I know full well
"From whom these two stray matters fell;"—
Then, casting away, with loathful shrug,
The' uncleaner waif (as he would a drug
The' Invisible's own dark hand had mix'd),
His gaze on the other* firm he fix'd,
And trying, though mischief laugh'd in his eye,
To be moral, because of the *young* imps by,
"What a pity!" he cried—"so fresh its gloss,
"So long preserv'd—'tis a public loss!
"This comes of a man, the careless blockhead,
"Keeping his character in his pocket;

* H—k—n.

" And there—without considering whether
" There's room for that and his gains together—
" Cramming, and cramming, and cramming away,
" Till—out slips character some fine day!

" However"—and here he view'd it round—
" This article still may pass for sound.
" Some flaws, soon patch'd, some stains are all
" The harm it has had in its luckless fall.
" Here, Puck!"—and he call'd to one of his train—
" The owner may have this back again.
" Though damag'd for ever, if us'd with skill,
" It may serve, perhaps, to *trade on* still;
" Though the gem can never, as once, be set,
" It will do for a Tory Cabinet."

HOW TO WRITE BY PROXY.

Qui facit per alium facit per se.

'Mong our neighbours, the French, in the good olden
time
When Nobility flourish'd, great Barons and Dukes
Often set up for authors in prose and in rhyme,
But ne'er took the trouble to write their own
books.

Poor devils were found to do this for their betters;—
And, one day, a Bishop, addressing a *Blue*,
Said, "Ma'am, have you read my new Pastoral
Letters?"
To which the *Blue* answer'd—"No, Bishop, have
you?"

The same is now done by *our* privileg'd class;
And, to show you how simple the process it needs,

If a great Major-General* wishes to pass
For an author of History, thus he proceeds:—

First, scribbling his own stock of notions as well
As he can, with a *goose*-quill that claims him as *kin*,
He settles his neckcloth—takes snuff—rings the bell,
And yawningly orders a Subaltern in.

The Subaltern comes—sees his General seated,
In all the self-glory of authorship swelling;—
"There, look," saith his Lordship, "my work is completed,—
"It wants nothing now, but the grammar and spelling."

Well used to a *breach*, the brave Subaltern dreads
Awkward breaches of syntax a hundred times more;
And, though often condemn'd to see breaking of heads,
He had ne'er seen such breaking of Priscian's before.

However, the job's sure to *pay*—that's enough—
So, to it he sets with his tinkering hammer,

* Or Lieutenant-General, as it may happen to be.

Convinc'd that there never was job half so tough
As the mending a great Major-General's grammar.

But, lo, a fresh puzzlement starts up to view—
New toil for the Sub.—for the Lord new expense:
'Tis discover'd that mending his *grammar* wo'n't do,
As the Subaltern also must find him in *sense!*

At last—even this is achieved by his aid;
Friend Subaltern pockets the cash and—the story;
Drums beat—the new Grand March of Intellect's play'd—
And off struts my Lord, the Historian, in glory!

IMITATION OF THE INFERNO OF DANTE.

" Così quel fiato gli spiriti mali
Di quà, di là, di giù, di su gli mena." *Inferno*, canto 5.

I TURN'D my steps, and lo, a shadowy throng
Of ghosts came fluttering tow'rds me — blown along,
Like cockchafers in high autumnal storms,
By many a fitful gust that through their forms
Whistled, as on they came, with wheezy puff,
And puff'd as — though they'd never puff enough.

" Whence and what are ye?" pitying I inquir'd
Of these poor ghosts, who, tatter'd, tost, and tir'd
With such eternal puffing, scarce could stand
On their lean legs while answering my demand.
" We once were authors" — thus the Sprite, who led
This tag-rag regiment of spectres, said —
" Authors of every sex, male, female, neuter,
" Who, early smit with love of praise and — *pewter* *,

* The *classical* term for money.

"On C—lb—n's* shelves first saw the light of day,
"In ———'s puffs exhal'd our lives away—
"Like summer windmills, doom'd to dusty peace,
"When the brisk gales, that lent them motion, cease.
"Ah, little knew we then what ills await
"Much-lauded scribblers in their after-state;
"Bepuff'd on earth—how loudly Str—t can tell—
"And, dire reward, now doubly puff'd in hell!"

Touch'd with compassion for this ghastly crew,
Whose ribs, even now, the hollow wind sung through
In mournful prose,—such prose as Rosa's† ghost
Still, at the' accustom'd hour of eggs and toast,
Sighs through the columns of the *M—rn—g P—t*,—
Pensive I turn'd to weep, when he, who stood
Foremost of all that flatulential brood,
Singling a *she*-ghost from the party, said,
"Allow me to present Miss X. Y. Z.‡,

* The reader may fill up this gap with any one of the *dissyllabic* publishers of London that occurs to him.

† Rosa Matilda, who was for many years the writer of the political articles in the journal alluded to, and whose spirit still seems to preside — "regnat Rosa" — over its pages.

‡ *Not* the charming L. E. L., and still less, Mrs. F. H., whose poetry is among the most beautiful of the present day.

" One of our *letter'd* nymphs—excuse the pun—
" Who gain'd a name on earth by—having none;
" And whose initials would immortal be,
" Had she but learn'd those plain ones, A. B. C.

" Yon smirking ghost, like mummy dry and neat,
" Wrapp'd in his own dead rhymes—fit winding-
sheet—
" Still marvels much that not a soul should care
" One single pin to know who wrote 'May Fair;'—
" While this young gentleman," (here forth he
drew
A dandy spectre, puff'd quite through and through,
As though his ribs were an Æolian lyre
For the whole Row's soft *trade*-winds to inspire,)
" This modest genius breath'd one wish alone,
" To have his volume read, himself unknown;
" But different far the course his glory took,
" All knew the author, and—none read the book.

" Behold, in yonder ancient figure of fun,
" Who rides the blast, Sir J—n—h B—rr—t—n;—
" In tricks to raise the wind his life was spent,
" And now the wind returns the compliment.

" This lady here, the Earl of ——'s sister,
" Is a dead novelist; and this is Mister—
" Beg pardon—*Honourable* Mister L—st—r,
" A gentleman who, some weeks since, came over
" In a smart puff (wind S. S. E.) to Dover.
" Yonder behind us limps young Vivian Grey,
" Whose life, poor youth, was long since blown away—
" Like a torn paper-kite, on which the wind
" No further purchase for a puff can find."

" And thou, thyself"—here, anxious, I exclaim'd—
" Tell us, good ghost, how thou, thyself, art named.'
" Me, Sir!" he blushing cried—" Ah, there's the rub—
" Know, then—a waiter once at Brooks's Club,
" A waiter still I might have long remain'd,
" And long the club-room's jokes and glasses drain'd;
" But, ah, in luckless hour, this last December,
" I wrote a book*, and Colburn dubb'd me 'Member'—

* " History of the Clubs of London," announced as by " a Member of Brooks's."

" ' Member of Brooks's!'—oh Promethean puff,
" To what wilt thou exalt even kitchen-stuff!
" With crums of gossip, caught from dining wits,
" And half-heard jokes, bequeath'd, like half-chew'
bits,
" To be, each night, the waiter's perquisites;—
" With such ingredients, serv'd up oft before,
" But with fresh fudge and fiction garnish'd o'er,
" I manag'd, for some weeks, to dose the town,
" Till fresh reserves of nonsense ran me down;
" And, ready still even waiters' souls to damn,
" The Devil but rang his bell, and—here I am;—
" Yes—' Coming *up*, Sir,' once my favourite
cry,
" Exchang'd for ' Coming *down*, Sir,' here am I!"

Scarce had the Spectre's lips these words let drop,
When, lo, a breeze—such as from ——'s shop
Blows in the vernal hour, when puffs prevail,
And speeds the *sheets* and swells the lagging *sale*—
Took the poor waiter rudely in the poop,
And, whirling him and all his grisly group
Of literary ghosts—Miss X. Y. Z.—
The nameless author, better known than read—

Sir Jo.—the Honourable Mr. L—st—r,
And, last, not least, Lord Nobody's twin-sister—
Blew them, ye gods, with all their prose and rhymes
And sins about them, far into those climes
"Where Peter pitch'd his waistcoat*" in old times,
Leaving me much in doubt, as on I prest,
With my great master, through this realm unblest,
Whether Old Nick or C—lb—n puffs the best.

* A *Dantesque* allusion to the old saying, "Nine miles beyond H—l!, where Peter pitched his waistcoat."

LAMENT FOR THE LOSS OF LORD B—TH—ST'S TAIL.*

ALL *in* again—unlook'd for bliss!
Yet, ah, *one* adjunct still we miss;—
One tender tie, attach'd so long
To the same head, through right and wrong.
Why, B—th—st, why didst thou cut off
That memorable tail of thine?
Why—as if *one* was not enough—
Thy pig-tie with thy place resign,
And thus, at once, both *cut* and *run*?
Alas, my Lord, 'twas not well done,
'Twas not, indeed—though sad at heart,
From office and its sweets to part,
Yet hopes of coming in again,
Sweet Tory hopes! beguil'd our pain;
But thus to miss that tail of thine,
Through long, long years our rallying sign—

* The noble Lord, it is well known, cut off this much-respected appendage, on his retirement from office some months since.

As if the State and all its powers
By tenancy *in tail* were ours—
To see it thus by scissors fall,
This was "the' unkindest *cut* of all!"
It seem'd as though the' ascendant day
Of Toryism had pass'd away,
And, proving Samson's story true,
She lost her vigour with her *queue*.

Parties are much like fish, 'tis said—
The tail directs them, not the head;
Then, how could *any* party fail,
That steer'd its course by B—th—st's tail?
Not Murat's plume, through Wagram's fight,
E'er shed such guiding glories from it,
As erst, in all true Tories' sight,
Blaz'd from our old Colonial comet!
If you, my Lord, a Bashaw were,
(As W—ll—gt—n will be anon)
Thou might'st have had a tail to spare;
But no, alas, thou hadst but one.
And *that*—like Troy, or Babylon,
A tale of other times—is gone!

Yet—weep ye not, ye Tories true—
Fate has not yet of all bereft us;
Though thus depriv'd of B—th—st's *queue*,
We've E—b—h's *curls* still left us;—
Sweet curls, from which young Love, so vicious,
His shots, as from nine-pounders, issues;
Grand, glorious curls, which, in debate,
Surcharg'd with all a nation's fate,
His Lordship shakes, as Homer's God did*,
And oft in thundering talk comes near him;—
Except that, there, the *speaker* nodded,
And, here, 'tis only those who hear him.
Long, long, ye ringlets, on the soil
Of that fat cranium may ye flourish,
With plenty of Macassar oil,
Through many a year your growth to nourish!
And, ah, should Time too soon unsheath
His barbarous shears such locks to sever,
Still dear to Tories, even in death,
Their last, lov'd relics we'll bequeath,
A *hair*-loom to our sons for ever.

* "Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod."
POPE's *Homer*.

THE CHERRIES.

A PARABLE.*

1828.

See those cherries, how they cover
Yonder sunny garden wall;—
Had they not that network over,
Thieving birds would eat them all.

So, to guard our posts and pensions,
Ancient sages wove a net,
Through whose holes, of small dimensions,
Only *certain* knaves can get.

Shall we then this network widen?
Shall we stretch these sacred holes,
Through which, ev'n already, slide in
Lots of small dissenting souls?

* Written during the late discussion on the Test and Corporation Acts.

"God forbid!" old *Testy* crieth;
"God forbid!" so echo I;
Every ravenous bird that flieth
Then would at our cherries fly.

Ope but half an inch or so,
And, behold, what bevies break in;—
Here, some curst old Popish crow
Pops his long and lickerish beak in;

Here, sly Arians flock unnumber'd,
And Socinians, slim and spare,
Who, with small belief encumber'd,
Slip in easy any where;—

Methodists, of birds the aptest,
Where there's *pecking* going on;
And that water-fowl, the Baptist—
All would share our fruits anon;

Ev'ry bird, of ev'ry city,
That, for years, with ceaseless din,
Hath revers'd the starling's ditty,
Singing out "I can't get *in*."

"God forbid!" old *Testy* snivels;
"God forbid!" I echo too;
Rather may ten thousand d-v-ls
Seize the whole voracious crew!

If less costly fruit wo'n't suit 'em,
Hips and haws and such like berries,
Curse the corm'rants! stone 'em, shoot 'em,
Any thing—to save our cherries.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN ANTICIPATION OF DEFEAT.*

1828.

Go seek for some abler defenders of wrong,
If we *must* run the gantlet through blood and expense;
Or, Goths as ye are, in your multitude strong,
Be content with success, and pretend not to sense.

If the words of the wise and the gen'rous are vain,
If Truth by the bowstring *must* yield up her breath,
Let Mutes do the office—and spare her the pain
Of an In—gl—s or T—nd—l to talk her to death.

Chain, persecute, plunder—do all that you will—
But save us, at least, the old womanly lore
Of a F—st—r, who, dully prophetic of ill,
Is, at once, the *two* instruments, AUGUR† and BORE.

* During the discussion of the Catholic question in the House of Commons last session.

† This rhyme is more for the ear than the eye, as the carpenter's tool is spelt *auger*.

Bring legions of Squires — if they'll only be mute —
And array their thick heads against reason and right,
Like the Roman of old, of historic repute*,
Who with droves of dumb animals carried the fight;

Pour out, from each corner and hole of the Court,
Your Bedchamber lordlings, your salaried slaves,
Who, ripe for all job-work, no matter what sort,
Have their consciences tack'd to their patents and staves.

Catch all the small fry who, as Juvenal sings,
Are the Treasury's creatures, wherever they swim†;
With all the base, time-serving *toadies* of Kings,
Who, if Punch were the monarch, would worship ev'n him;

And while, on the *one* side, each name of renown,
That illumines and blesses our age is combin'd;

* Fabius, who sent droves of bullocks against the enemy.
† Res Fisci est, ubicumque natat. — JUVENAL.

While the Foxes, the Pitts, and the Cannings look
down,
And drop o'er the cause their rich mantles of
Mind;

Let bold Paddy H—lmes show his troops on the
other,
And, counting of noses the quantum desir'd,
Let Paddy but say, like the Gracchi's fam'd mother,
"Come forward, my *jewels*"—'tis all that's re-
quir'd.

And thus let your farce be enacted hereafter—
Thus honestly persecute, outlaw, and chain;
But spare ev'n your victims the torture of laughter,
And never, oh never, try *reasoning* again!

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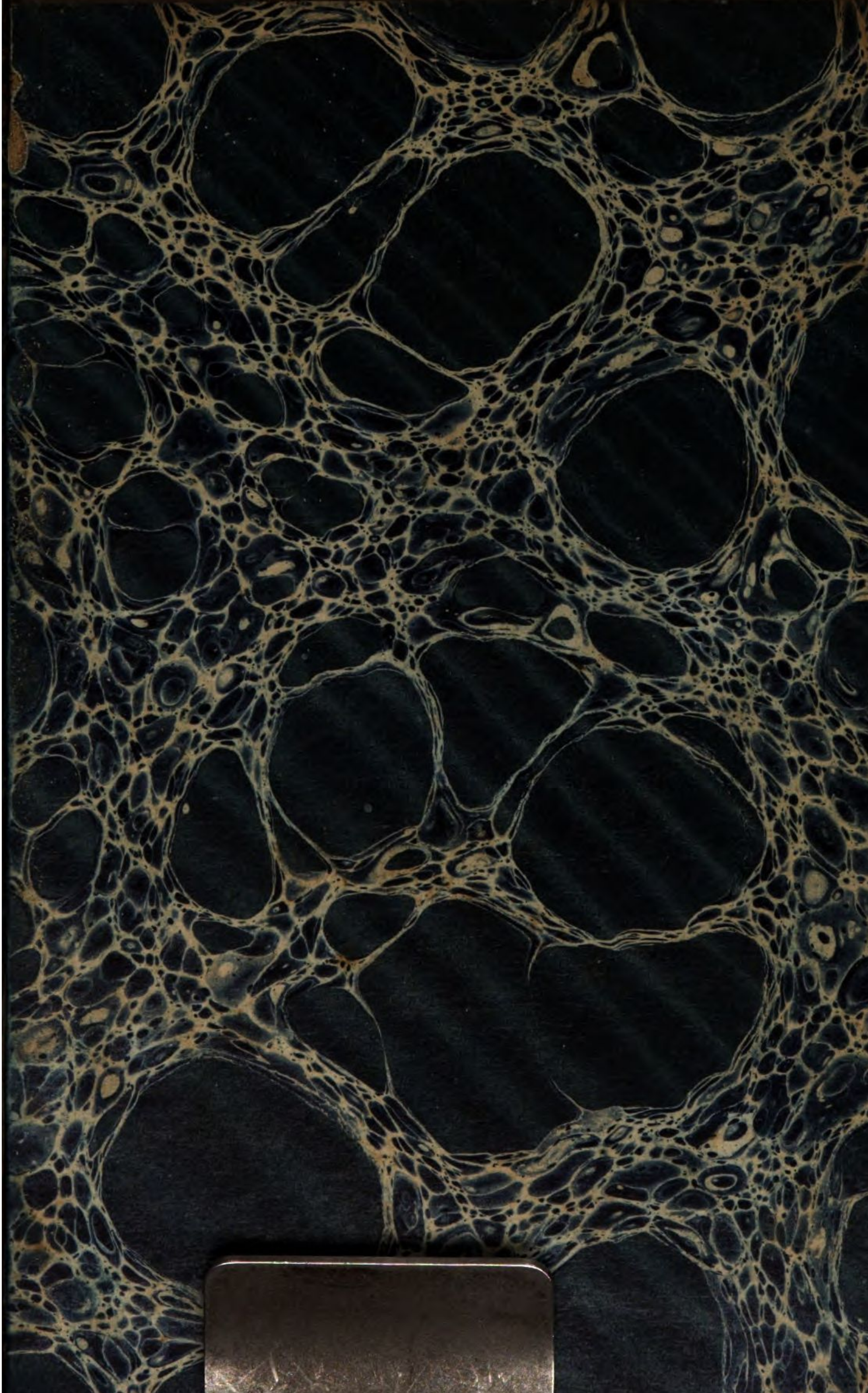

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Moore, Thomas,

The poetical works of Thomas Moore Collected by himself. In 10 volumes

Bd.: 8

New York (1853)

P.o.angl. 575-8
urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10753008-5